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"'Tis a bottle of Guinness!" the Bellman exclaimed,
"A delectable sight, don't you think?
'Tis a brew, my dear Beaver, that's widely acclaimed —
You may pour it, and watch as I drink.

"In this glass you may see what will benefit me,
For its Goodness is simply unbounded,
And without extra charge I will tell you at large
Of the things on which Goodness is founded.

"As to Body, a Guinness supplies, I have heard,
Not only good health but protection;
Its Head is a matter that's often referred
To, when connoisseurs speak of perfection.

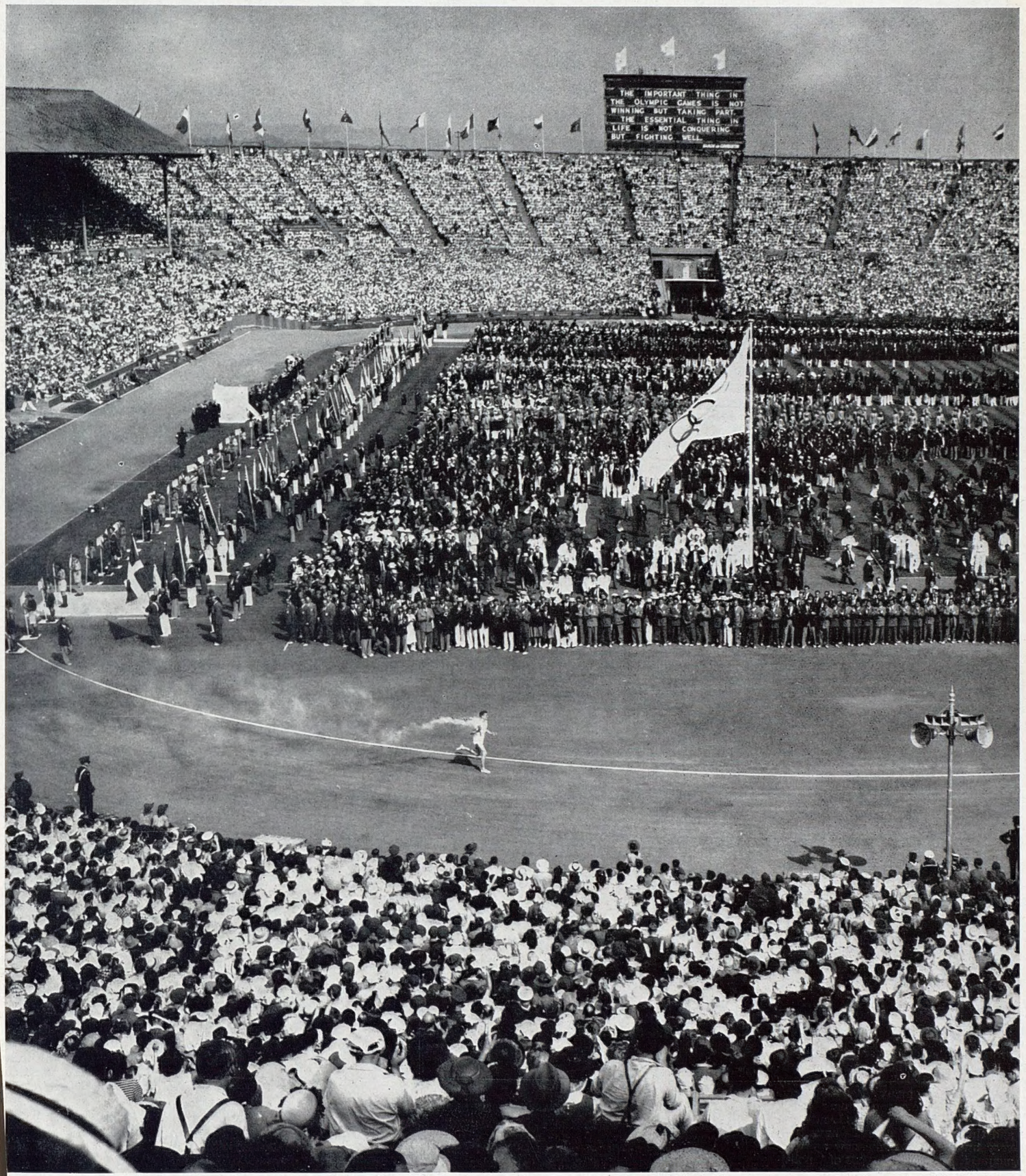
"When you meet any friend you've not seen for some years
It's a bonhomous brew to imbibe;
Of its power as a tonic one frequently hears,
And it's one many Doctors prescribe.

"Its flavour is finer than honey-dew, far:
I'm informed that it renders you strong:
(Some think it keeps best behind padlock and bar,
But few people keep it for long)."

The Bellman, who now felt uncommonly dry,
Turned round for his glass from the shelf,
But he reeled with a cry, for his friend, on the sly,
Had finished the Guinness himself.

Volume CXCIV No. 2531 The SPHERE, London, August 7, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE START OF THE XIVth OLYMPIAD—IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING AND 80,000 SPECTATORS, THE LAST RUNNER ENTERS WEMBLEY ARENA TO PUT THE FLAME TO THE OLYMPIC ALTAR: A dramatic moment at the start of the Games in which fifty-eight nations are competing

The XIVth Modern Olympiad, the response to the clarion call to the athletes of the world sent out from London in 1946, was inaugurated last week at Wembley Stadium by His Majesty King George VI. in the presence of a vast concourse of 80,000 spectators and 6,000 athletes, the latter drawn from no fewer than fifty-eight nations. It was an afternoon of brilliant sunshine, and for fifty minutes the King stood rigidly to attention at his dais saluting continually as, headed by standard-bearers and Scouts carrying name-cards, the Olympic competitors marched past. The teams differed vastly in numbers, from the single competitor from Panama, the two from Singapore and Malta, to the 300 from the United States, marching six abreast. Among the spectacular events of the opening afternoon was the release of 7,000 pigeons, preceded by a fanfare of the Household Cavalry, a reminder of the days in Ancient Greece when pigeons bore news of the Games, and the arrival in the Stadium of the last of the long chain of athletes who had borne the Olympic flame from Greece, across Europe, to Wembley. The last athlete, the runner chosen to apply the flame to the Stadium beacon, was John W. Mark, a former President of Cambridge Athletic Club. (See also pages 163-64)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Hard Road to Salvation.

—I listened hopefully to Mr. Toynbee broadcasting on the collapse of earlier civilisations and on the prospects of saving our own. He was lucid, as was to be expected, but when he came to the remedy, he was, like all pundits, disappointing. He stopped too soon. He gave as the reason for the decline of the Greco-Roman, the Chinese and other civilisations the misguided policy of seeking to impose by force of arms a world state controlled by one dominant power. That policy has always led to the collapse of the civilisation built up by the dominant power. The sole salvation for our Western civilisation is to proceed by pacific means to secure among all nations mutual tolerance, close understanding, co-operation, self-sacrifice. What a bathos! The great idea has for centuries been roared from every rostrum in Democracy. What is the good of stopping there? How can an audience be satisfied when an iron curtain is rung down after the first act and no effort is made, and no idea suggested, for raising it again? No sane man west of the iron curtain doubts the truth of Mr. Toynbee's specific, and, to date, not one has been found with a practical suggestion for implementing it. Until a bare hint of a method of raising Russia's iron curtain is offered, it is futile to invite us to be hopeful, futile to speak of increasing understanding between (say) the Russian and the British peoples. Meanwhile the bad old policy holds the field and our civilisation is rushing on to the rocks. And statesmen in the West show little sign of appreciating the remedy they preach. It is not easy for you and me to take hope and courage when "statesmen" like Bevan at home are free to spout hatred and sow dissension in our own ranks while his own leaders in the Government dare not reprimand him. If these things are still possible in England, why should we hope for light from beyond the curtain?

The "Sickening Technique."

—In Berlin diplomatic exchanges have gone a stage further. "For technical reasons" the British-American authorities have been compelled to stop traffic across the Bizone between the Soviet Zone and countries outside Germany. Russian trade with these countries is small, but the decision is, of course, a Roland for an Oliver, a tooth for a molar. The question is: Whether or no Mr. Churchill's specific in difficult times to "do what you know is right" is covered by using the methods of your adversary which you yourself deplore. Apparently yes. We have recourse to copying the sickening technique of Stalin, because all correct diplomatic approach is blocked. And Mr. Churchill, because Mr. Bevan cannot resist mud-slinging . . . slings the mud back. How hard it is for you and me to know what is the Right Thing. The authorities contradict the authority of Holy Writ.

du Parcq Hatches Out.—

For two years the du Parcq Commission has been sitting on the problem of selection and training of J.P.s. During those years recruitment to the Bench has been largely held up and many Benches have fallen well below the danger mark. The Lord Chancellor, Lords Lieutenant and their advisory councils have been very unwilling to make new appointments, fearing that charges of "political bias" or the selection of types likely to be outlawed by the Commission might follow. So the surviving members of many a Bench have worked overtime to cope with the ever-increasing work. And now at last the eggs are hatched, and what shall I say about them? Addled? By no means. They were the *usual* eggs; the hatch proves how sound was the old strain. It is the mixture as before. Practically speaking there is nothing new, save pious aspirations to make the best of things. It is "Carry on, Jeeves." A little knowledge of Law is desirable (but in my view no knowledge at all is better than that little knowledge *which you are determined to ventilate*. You cannot "know the law" to-day, even if you are a busy K.C. or solicitor. A chairman should always rely on the Clerk on a point of law). For the rest, there is positively nothing to headline. Retirement at seventy-five is not too old, nor is sixty-five for Juvenile Bench magistrates. Chairmen of Local Authorities should no longer become *ex-officio* J.P.s. A clergyman may serve. A stone-blind or stone-deaf man not. Well, there it is; we have waited long for the report, and grown grey and tired, waiting. Now perhaps we shall be recruited again with new blood of the old stock and, please God, without enquiry into our politics. Politics and Justice are ill bed-fellows. I wonder what the Commission cost.

Olympic.

—The cinder-track at Wembley was surely warm enough to please even the West Indian entrants, who had complained of our notion of summer. We really succeeded in surprising everybody, ourselves not least. We had to go back to that famous day in August 1911 to find a parallel. May the Olympic Torch burn bright throughout and the Olympic spirit survive the tests! I confess a feeling of sympathy for the new Dorando. I suppose that many records will be broken. I cannot understand why modern man should improve on the speeds of his fathers; but so it seems still to be. Was it that our fathers ate too much? Or does Science step in with dopes and devices, unknown to our ancestors, to achieve ever quicker miles and quarter-miles and hundred yards and hurdles, and ever higher and longer jumps? No explanation is offered, and I must assume that *homo sapiens* is still advancing to perfection, despite evidence all the other way. Well, may the best men win and the headiest of the partisans and performers keep their heads and tempers, and the Olympic Spirit survive this gruelling test! What the Olympic spirit is and was, I do not know. "Is it cricket?" *Was* it cricket? No, it can't have been.

West Sussex Week.—

West Sussex, that last stronghold of old England, comes into its own for a week at the end of July. And this year, accompanied by particular smiles of Fortune. There is no race meeting to compare with Goodwood—unless, perhaps, one Autumn Meeting at Newmarket. From the downs the sea blinks blue beyond Chichester spire, and even in the dog-days, when the thermometer reaches 90 deg. in the shade, there is always a breeze. The finest horses and valuable prizes and incomparable scenery draw the epicure and the fat men and the slick fraternity to our smiling and usually select corner of England—and some of them we send to prison when the fun is over. And, after the racing, there is polo—in that incomparable Cowdray Park, beside the ruins of Sir Anthony Browne's Elizabethan house. Another all-star cast; all the cracks who can still play polo are there; the peerless Lakin; Dollar, Phipps-Hornby, Neville, Guinness and the host of the tournament, with a handicap of 3 (despite his handicap of a lost arm), and the host's sisters, who hold their own among the male-cracks. All of which the Midhurst community enjoy in peace and quiet and practically without cost—in all ways an excellent substitute for pre-wars Hurlingham. In August we return to our eighteenth-century privacy and primitive ways.

The Old Stagers.

—Reason would that I refer to the Centenary Celebrations of the Canterbury Week. The first article I ever wrote for the Press—*Evening Standard*—was on this subject, and it *fixed* me with my now twenty-five-year-old pen-name. I have never managed to change it, albeit I never was a *genuine* Old Stager. However, I *am* one of the decayed members of I.Z. and, like ever so many of the actors (de Greys, Eliots, and so on) in the Canterbury plays this year, a member of the family of the Ponsonby founders of I.Z., Frederick, Lord Bessborough and Sir S. Ponsonby-Fane of immortal memory. The Canterbury Week is a splendid example of English obstinacy. Old Stagers and Last-ditchers will not bow to public opinion, will not sacrifice tradition to "what the public will say." Still, as of old, the porters address themselves to "the Nobility, the Gentry and the Public," though the Nobility are now the depressed class, the Gentry are dish-washers and the Public most assuredly the Gentry. Still, as of old, the old names support the cast and the old plays do duty. Ponsonbys, Gores, de Greys, Eliots, and their descendants still sustain their roles and speak their prologues and epilogues. Still, as decades ago, the names of Clarke-Jervoise, Hawkes, Burnaby-Atkins, Harris, Alderson, Wontner, and many more reinforce the family talent. And who would have it otherwise? When the spirit of I.Z. runs out, it will be the time for Old Stagers to pack up. But the time is not yet. The old coach rumbles on along the old road, and the old horn tootles merrily. If only Stalin could hear it.

FROM THE LAYMEN OF JAPAN—A COPE AND MITRE FOR THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY GIVEN IN APPRECIATION FOR THE ATTENDANCE OF JAPANESE BISHOPS AT THE EIGHTH LAMBETH CONFERENCE: When the Archbishop goes in procession to Westminster Abbey to-morrow for the closing service of the Lambeth Conference, he will be vested in this cope and mitre which are both made from Japanese silks and fabrics, and which have been brocaded by craftsmen of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Japan. The cope has a grape design in gold and white. The inscription accompanying the gift included the following words: "This cope and mitre is hereby presented on behalf of the Brotherhood by the Most Reverend Michael Hinsuke Yashiro, Presiding Bishop of the Nippon Seikokai (Japanese Province of the Anglican Communion), to the Most Reverend and Right Honourable Geoffrey Francis Fisher, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, as a token of the world-wide fellowship in Our Lord Jesus Christ, by the laymen of the Church in Japan and in grateful appreciation for the opportunity accorded to our three Japanese Bishops to participate in the Lambeth Conference, 1948."

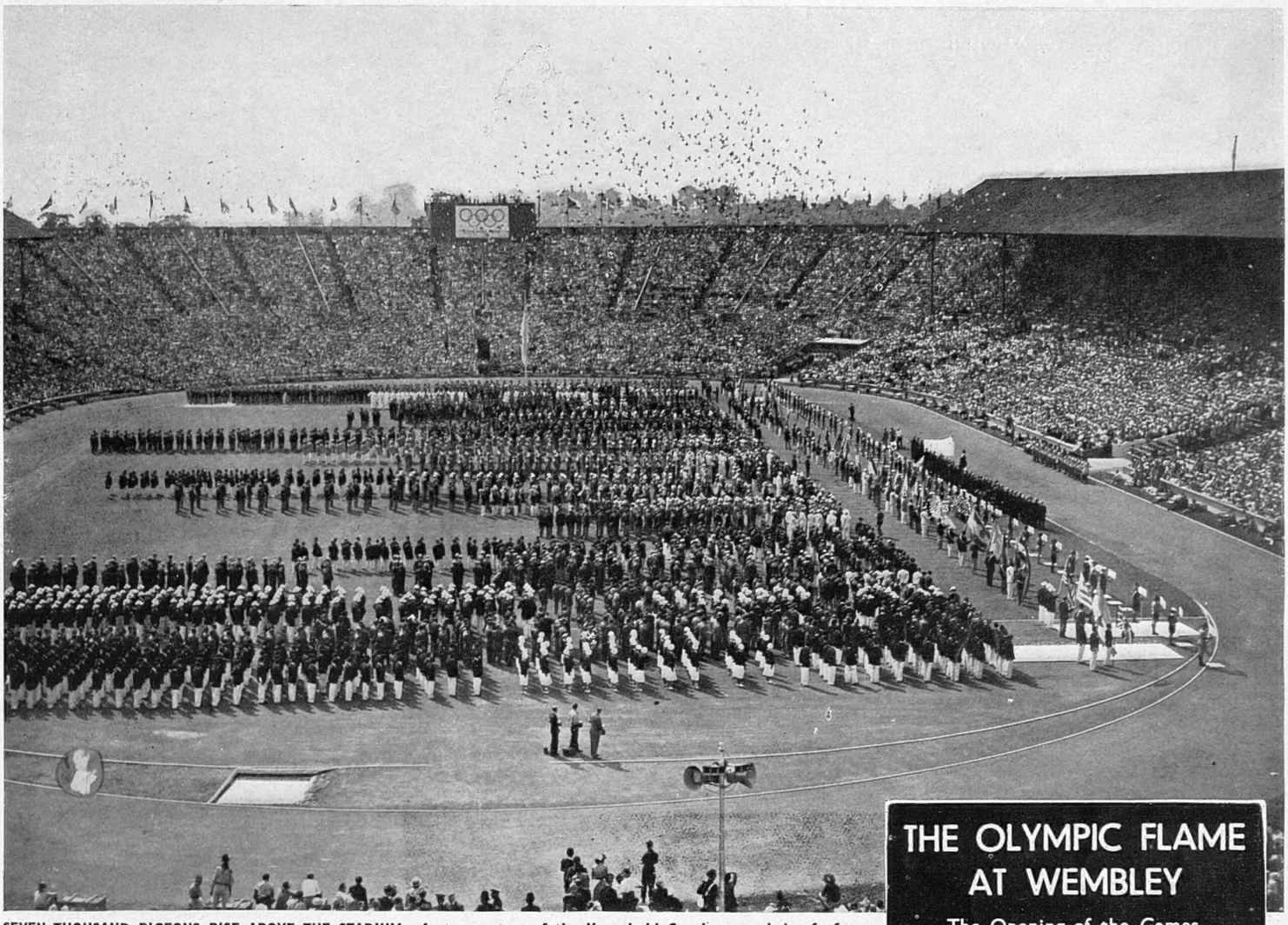
Leaning Tower.

—The famous tower of Pisa has leaned for centuries. Its walls of marble are over 12 ft. thick at the base and quite 6 ft. at the top. To-day the tower is tilted 16 ft. out of the plumb, and shows it, because of its height (180 ft.). The spire of Salisbury Cathedral tilts, but merely by inches, and its cant is invisible. Now a scare has been locally raised concerning the Pisa Tower. They say the tilt is increasing by 3/10th in. a year, and at that rate it is a simple calculation to prophesy that it will *topple* in A.D. 2350 or thereabouts. Others deny this tendency to increased tilting, and I decide not to alarm myself. I should die happy if I felt that our civilisation, Empire, nation and institutions of merit had an expectation of life of at least 400 years. But there 's no harm in pouring in a little cement at the part affected.

"A-Counting the Deer."—

Spare a moment of sympathy with the Scottish landowner. He 's had a thin time of late. He has been hard put to it in the last decade to count his grouse or his profits from his moors and forests. Now the Town-made minds of the Government impose on him a new obligation—he must render in triplicate an exact return of the deer in each forest. But how simple! You can count fowls in a hen-run and cattle in a field. So where 's the snag? The late Duke of Atholl, leading Lloyd George's pony, did what he could to kill the bright idea of the Welsh wizard to make "smiling cornfields" on the Sow of Atholl, and perhaps Lord Sempkirk or Lochiel will lead Lord Morrison's pony, while he counts the deer on the high tops of Inverness-shire.

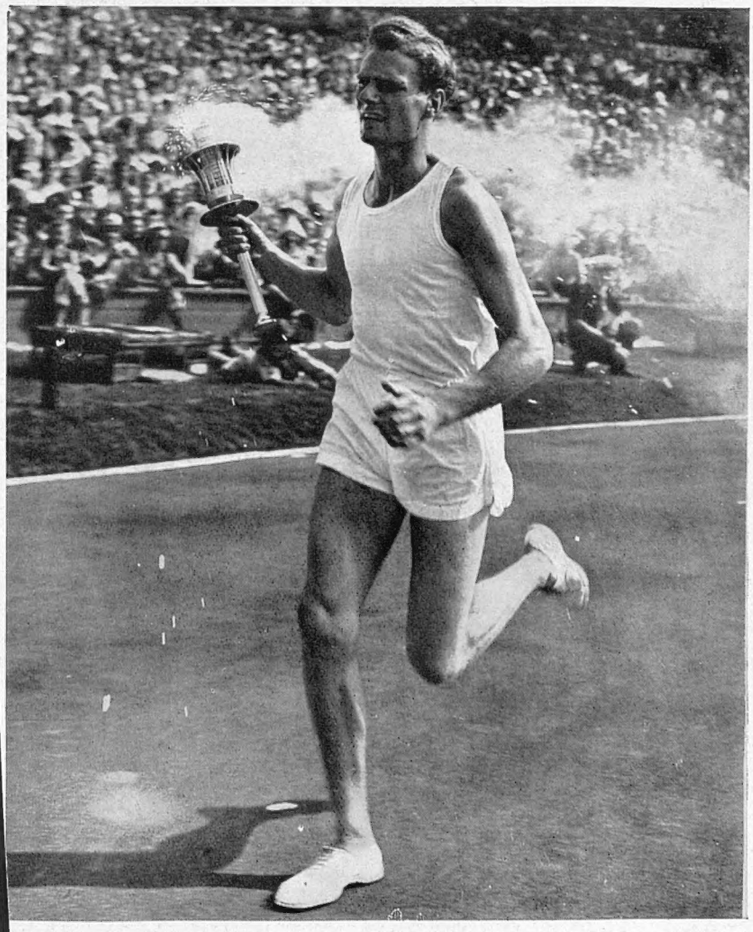
THE OLD STAGER



SEVEN THOUSAND PIGEONS RISE ABOVE THE STADIUM : As trumpeters of the Household Cavalry sounded a fanfare, the pigeons, bearers, as in Ancient Greek times, of the Olympic tidings, began to circle over the vast arena where the athletes of fifty-eight nations had assembled after marching past the King. The whole opening ceremony was deeply impressive, but had none of the ostentation and violent nationalistic fervour which marked the start of the Berlin Games which were held just before the Second World War

THE OLYMPIC FLAME AT WEMBLEY

The Opening of the Games, and the Release of 7,000 Pigeons to Spread the News



A SALUTE OF TWENTY-ONE GUNS OFF-STAGE, AND THEN JOHN MARK, FORMER CAMBRIDGE BLUE AND QUARTER-MILER, APPEARED AMID THE LOUDEST CHEERS OF THE AFTERNOON, CARRYING THE OLYMPIC TORCH : The athlete is seen (*left*) as he circled the Wembley arena, and (*on right*) as he applied the torch to the bowl on the peristyle, on the east terrace. This Surbiton medical student, said one eyewitness, performed his task to the manner born, "and the flame shot up so fiercely and steadily that no one could imagine it going out until the appointed hour." After this the audience rose to sing the Olympic Hymn

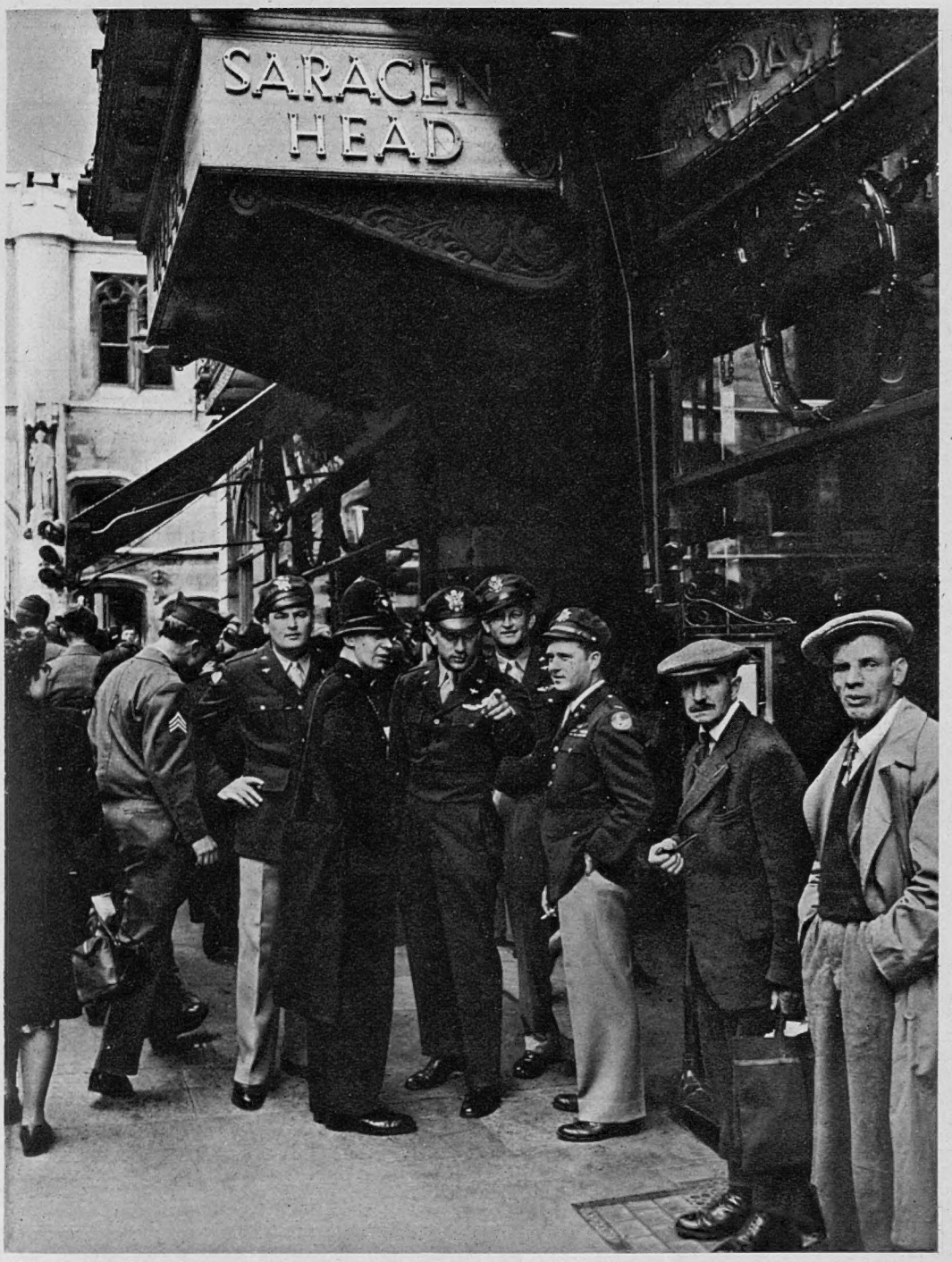
TAKING the OLYMPIC OATH

More Aspects of the Opening of the XIVth Modern Olympiad, at Wembley Stadium

WING-COMMANDER DON FINLAY STANDS UPON THE TRIBUNE OF HONOUR: On behalf of all the competitors the celebrated British hurdler mounted the rostrum and in a ringing voice declared: "We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in loyal competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honour of our country and for the glory of sport." Wing-Commander Finlay wore the black beret, official headgear of the British team

THE KING GREETS MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Accompanied by Lord Burghley (left), chairman of the Organising Committee, and Mr. Sigfrid Edstrom, the President of the International Executive, His Majesty shakes hands with one of the six executive members. On the King's left hand is Lord Aberdare. On the notice-board in the background are set out the words of Baron de Courbertin: "The important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well"

THE MARCH PAST OF THE ATHLETES—THE AMERICAN CONTINGENT, THE LARGEST AT THE GAMES, SWINGING ROUND THE ARENA: In 1908 only 1,000 athletes too part in the Olympiad, and of these more than a quarter came from the United Kingdom. Now, exactly forty years later, fifty-eight teams took part i the march, 6,000 competitors, drawn from all over the world, and some of them members of independent States which were undreamed of ten years ag



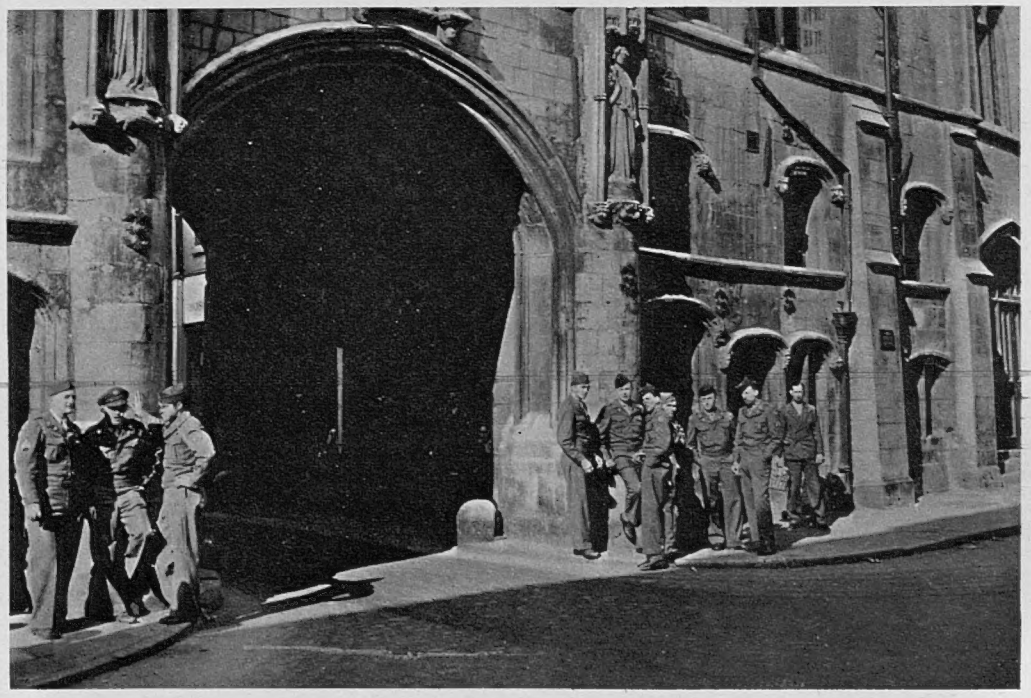
MOST OF THEM END UP AT THE SARACEN'S HEAD : Captain Bob Bryant (of Alabama), Lieutenant Abraham (of Iowa), Lieutenant Owen Davies (of Florida), and Lieutenant Carl Estes (of Maine) congregated outside the celebrated Lincoln hostelry, a favourite haunt of the men of 28th Bombardment Group. This picture was taken as they consulted a member of the local constabulary on their first day of "liberty" in Lincoln after bringing their Superfortresses in to neighbouring Scampton

WASHINGTON SENT THEM TO LINCOLN

With the American Airmen in East Anglia

THE MAN FROM CHATTANOOGA : First-Lieutenant Charles Ringwald, who hails from the famous western battleground of the Civil War, acting as day control officer at Scampton, near Lincoln, with two W.A.A.F.s assisting him in the task. Scampton, where 700 American airmen landed, received the bulk of the fifty-eight bombers sent over from Washington

WIZARD PRANG! Group Captain Parselle (left), Commanding Officer of the Royal Air Force station at Scampton, removes a dart from the bull when playing darts with Colonel Henry, the commander of the thirty Superfortresses in No. 28 Group, United States Air Force



HULLO, LINCOLN, HERE WE COME : (*Left*) Sergeant Eugene A. Guerra, who hails from Jamaica, Long Island, walking with a W.A.A.F. on each arm. (*Right*) Airmen lounging round the historic South Gate of the old city. In wartime days this, for obvious reasons, used to be known as "The Wolf Line"

In mid-July the American invasion of East Anglia took place. Within a few hours of each other 700 airmen landed at Scampton, 500 landed at Marham, and 300 arrived at Waddington, all in Superfortresses, while in their wake roared in the Skymaster transports bearing the ground staff charged with the maintenance of the bomber force. The whole invasion was carried out with speed and skill, and before many hours were out the old cathedral city of Lincoln had returned to its wartime aspect as American aviators thronged the narrow streets, seeking out the public-houses, the cafes and the dance halls. The news of the invasion, needless to say, produced an instant reaction in the towns and villages of the Lincolnshire Heights and the Lincolnshire Wolds, as the young ladies, starved of American culture these three years past and of the refinements of life on the other side of the Atlantic, flocked into town to pay their respects or renew acquaintanceship with the "conquerors" from Wilkesbarre, Oswego, Natchez, and all points west.

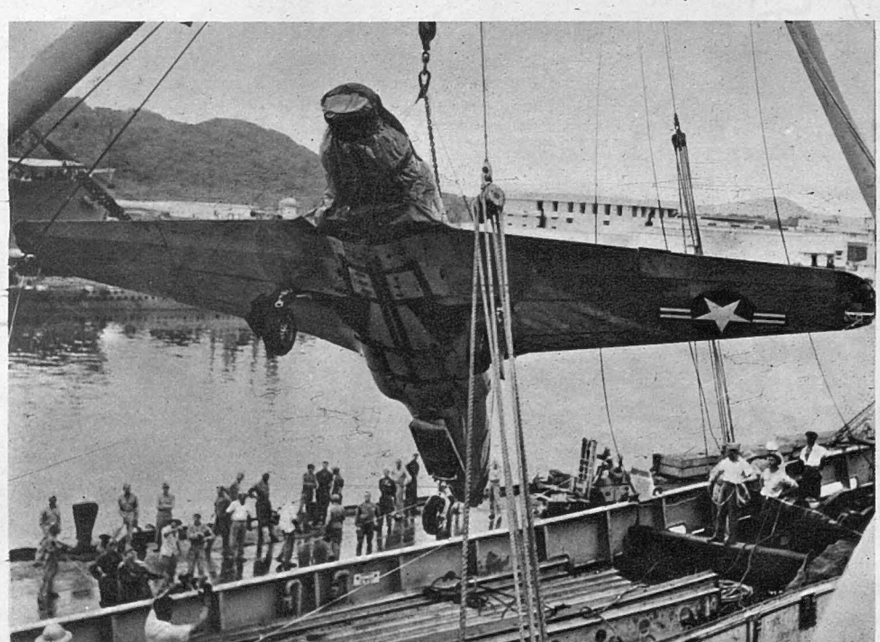
BUSY DAYS AT BERLIN'S LAKESIDE: Two Sunderland aircraft, which have been playing their part in the great "air lift", seen on the Havel Lake, between Charlottenburg and Potsdam, where they have been touching-down with food supplies for the Western sectors

BERLIN—FRANKFURT—MUNICH

Aspects of Life in these Crisis Days in the Battered Cities of Germany

DESPATCHING END OF THE AMERICAN "AIR-LIFT" EFFORT: Four-engined transports in their parking bays at the Rhein-Main Airport, Frankfurt-on-Main, where day and night a constant stream of aircraft land and take off again en route for the beleaguered capital

THE "VITTLE" STATISTICS ARE POSTED UP AT THE RHEIN-MAIN AIRPORT, FRANKFURT: On this board pilots, air-crews, and ground staff can see at a glance how the various squadrons are playing their day-to-day part in the great "air lift"



BOUND FOR EUROPE—A LOCKHEED SHOOTING STAR IS PUT ABOARD THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "BARNEY KIRSCHBAUM" IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE: This F 80 is one of the seventy-five jets of the 36th Fighter Wing which is now en route to Germany

TRADE IN FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IS NOW BOOMING IN FRANKFURT: An early-morning scene in the market where, as a result of the introduction of the new Western currency, Germans are now finding that they can make purchases at reasonable prices. This picture was taken at about 6.30 a.m

A NEW TREND IN THE FORMER STORM-CENTRE OF ANTI-ZIONISM: Left to right, standing—Hans Hubert Gensert, journalist and representative of the Protestants; Mr. James Eagan, Chief of the Religious Affairs Branch Office of the Military Government in Bavaria; Julius Spanier, Chairman of the Jewish Community in Munich; and Carl Zietlow, Director in Germany of the International Conference of Christians and Jews. Left to right, seated—Dr. Karl Schannogl, a Catholic and Deputy Mayor of Munich, and Dr. Clinchy, President of the American Wing of the International Conference of Christians and Jews

Some of the most terrible scenes in the history of Nazi persecution of Jewry were enacted in the streets of Munich in the 1930's. Now, in that same Bavarian city, where the light of a perverted culture for a brief spell shone so glaringly, there has been founded the first group in the United States Zone of Germany of the International Conference of Christians and Jews. The movement is dedicated to the promotion of co-operation between members of the Christian and Jewish faiths, and particularly to the "ironing-out" of religious prejudices. Similar groups are to be formed in other German cities and towns

THREE YEARS AFTER THE END OF THE BLANKET RAIDS ON THE PRUSSIAN CAPITAL: An aerial view of Berlin showing a vast stretch of roofless buildings, upon the majority of which no sort of repair work has been possible up to now. A close examination of the picture will reveal that a few roofs have been repaired, but this work goes ahead slowly

THE APOSTLE OF INTRANSIGENCE TAKES AN EVENING OFF: Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky, the Soviet Commander-in-Chief in Berlin, talking with Mme. Pravin, wife of General Pravin, Chief of the Polish Military Mission, at a reception at the Mission's headquarters in the once-fashionable suburb of Charlottenburg

A SURPRISE RAID IN THE POTSDAMERSTRASSE: These Berlin housewives were caught in the net when German police descended on the black market in this part of the American sector of Berlin. Such raids still remain almost an everyday occurrence in the city

THE HAVE-NOTS AND THE HAVE-GOTS DO A DEAL ACROSS THE WIRE: *Left*—A Berlin woman trying on a pair of shoes before parting with her cash to an occupant of the D.P.s' compound; and (*right*) a seller and his eager clientele. The D.P.s, who were bound for new camps in Bavaria, were permitted to sell all their surplus goods to the Germans before departure. All trading took place through the wire-netting, and at reasonable prices in Western Allied currency

O! FOR A NEW MALTHUS

The Need for a New Estimate of the World's Needs

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IF one topic stands out in day-to-day conversation, it is—Food. How to come by it, select it, cook it. And dispatch it—for food is merely discussed in a different manner in the countries that have a sufficiency. They discuss the effect on their pockets of feeding other peoples who are on or below the subsistence level.

The perpetual talk is divided between immediate meal prospects, on the one hand, and monetary considerations on the other. So devolves food talk in the popular sense. The various Governments and special agencies of fifty-six member nations of the Food and Agricultural Organisation (F.A.O.) have not yet succeeded in rousing the peoples of the world to the fact that, if they go on breeding as they are doing, and failing to augment food production proportionately, they are " for it."

The chance of war over Berlin and the use that could be made of the atom bomb are much livelier topics than dry and boring warnings of widespread famine and its causation if it comes. The mass idea seems to be that that 's all " future stuff," hardly of actuality in a crowded hour of new horizons ; and lack of newsprint in country after country prevents the contrary being made known, prevents people being stopped in their tracks by big, black headlines summoning attention, not to a hazy future, but to the next three years.

The " splash story " being that food production in Europe will not have returned to its pre-war level by 1951, and that the harvest of dislocation from a war seven times as destructive as its predecessor, coupled with the large increase in population, will keep most of us hungry, or worse, if we go on as we have been doing.

In the latter event, " either Europe's food supply would have to be maintained by steadily increasing imports and indebtedness, or the diet, the productivity of labour, and the whole standard of life would enter on a downward spiral of deterioration leading to widespread social disorder."

Nor is it a case of excitable foreigners alarming us. Lord Bruce heads the World Food Council, and what he sponsors is mild milk compared to the language used by a second authority of British stock. " The whole human race is rumbling to destruction. There is only a fifty-fifty chance of getting over this food problem. If it is not solved there will be chaos in the world. . . . The nations are insane." That is how Sir John Boyd-Orr took his farewell as Director-General of F.A.O.

It is nothing new for men of British stock to lead the way in attacking the perennial problem of food and population, and the reason is obvious : the position of Britain as a small and over-populated area unable to feed itself. I can trace but one foreigner, Condorcet, who gave as much thought to the problem as a Godwin, a Malthus, a Ricardo, an Arthur Young, a Townsend. Here were five political economists who wrestled with a great social enigma at the very onset of machines, and there is no doubt as to the one who comes most vividly to mind after more than a century's experience of them.

Picture to yourself a young Surrey vicar who got into arguments with his eighteenth-century father and decided that the best mode of answer was in the form of the essay. The time is exactly 150 years ago. Papa believed in Rousseau and in progress towards perfection. His son Thomas did not. Yet Thomas was no unbending and castigating priest.

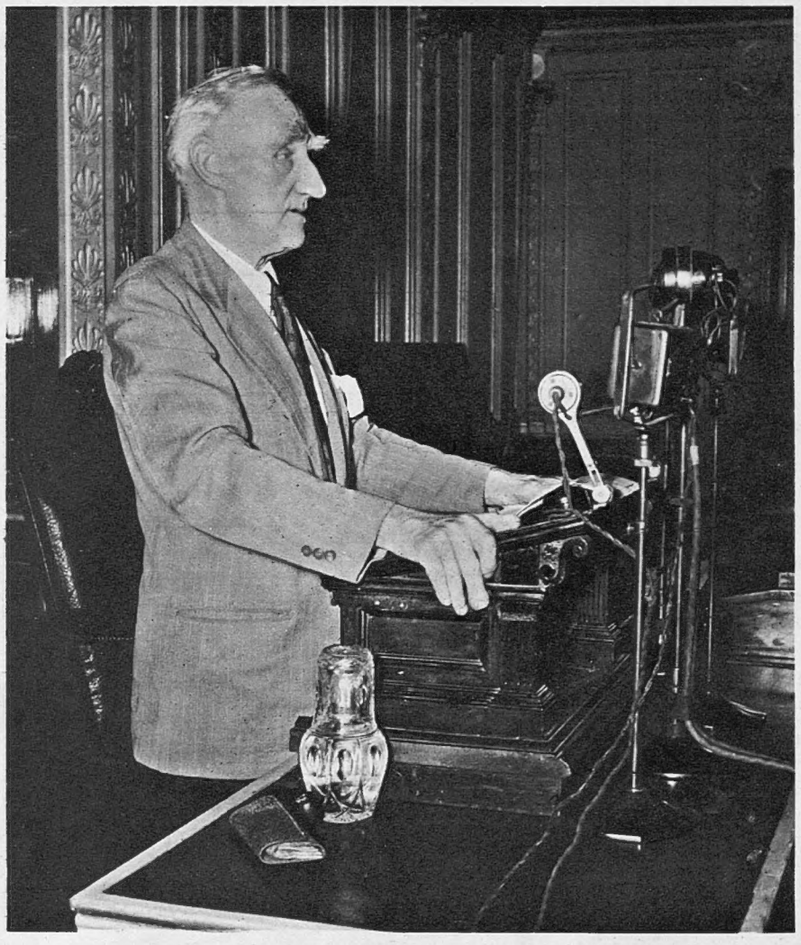
" Malthus was one of the most amiable, candid and cultured of men, distinguished by the beauty of his character. He bore the popular abuse and misrepresentation without a murmur or any sourness of temper. The aim of his enquiries was to promote the happiness of mankind, which could be better accomplished by pointing out the real possibilities of progress than by indulging in vague dreams of perfectibility apart from the actual facts which condition human life."

Malthus set out to show, or, rather, to popularise a prior theory, that population increases faster than subsistence, and is only kept in check by war, famine, pestilence and misery, and that some people must necessarily, therefore, fail to have food unless the race as a whole, seeing the implications of the matter, adopts measures to prevent the natural increase of its numbers.

Malthus advocated " moral restraint " and abstinence from marriage in a re-issue in 1803 under the title, " An essay on the Principle of Population, or a View of its Past and Present Effects on Human Happiness ; with an Enquiry into our prospects respecting the future removal or mitigation of the evils which it occasions."

The author had by then travelled in Scandinavia, France and Russia. His original answer to Papa grew and grew until its final form in 1817, by which year Malthus had gone to Haileybury as a master for the rest of his life. By then the work had embraced emigration. It dominated one whole sphere of thought in the nineteenth century. Supported by Darwinism, it was eventually rejected by J. S. Mill, who reckoned that a triumphant Victorian industrialisation foreshadowed the true answer.

But, quite early on, the twentieth century displayed a revived interest in the Surrey vicar, whose central thesis is as alive to-day as ever it was. A deal in Malthus has been overtaken by events (high-powered scientific food production) or ousted by the social conscience (the poor will always be with us), yet the question of questions that he posed, dominates our present day. *Can the world feed itself ?*



THE MAN WHO SEES THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE RUMBLING TO DESTRUCTION : Sir John Boyd-Orr addressing the meeting at the Royal Society of Arts which honoured him on his retirement from the directorship of the Food and Agricultural Organisation of the United Nations. Sir John, the world's leading expert on food and nutrition, takes a deeply pessimistic view of the current food situation, declaring that there is only a fifty-fifty chance of avoiding world chaos over this perennial problem of food and population. During the war Sir John held the position of Professor of Agriculture at Aberdeen University

At present it cannot. Rather is the human race patching up as it goes along, taking colossal weather risks, and even so, leaving vast sections of humanity hungry, under-nourished, starving.

A Malthus returned to life could point to one whole side of the basic problem and say, " I told you so."

The present world population approaches 2,300 millions, of whom the great majority are far from adequately fed by any reasonable standard, and a large proportion exist on little more than a slow starvation basis. But it is when one inspects the current rate of increase of world population that the picture becomes really frightening. In spite of war casualties, the increase has been 125,000,000 since 1939, a continuance of which fertility could double the world population to 4,600,000,000 within a century !

But let us stick to to-day and the immediate to-morrow. From 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 additional mouths must be fed each year. Europe alone has increased by 13,000,000 since Hitler let loose one of the population-reducing horsemen. Yet what is that compared to India's 5,000,000 increase annually, and China's unknown figure ? Only yesterday Asia exported great quantities of foodstuffs to Europe. Now India and China have become food importers at a time when Europe never wanted their produce more urgently.

How can sane people press for more and more births before there is a radical and lasting change for the better in the matter of food production ? A 100-per-cent. increase has been called for in the next twenty-four years, but it is merely acting the ostrich to pretend that the omens are anything but bad. The " poverty in a world of plenty " propaganda was a ghastly misuse of words. There is no world of plenty, as things stand, and for four main reasons.

First, the war crippled Europe and Asia with unparalleled shortages of animal and chemical fertilisers, agricultural machinery and spares, pesticides, seed, and draught power, to say nothing of consumer goods to induce farmers to produce a surplus, and of people to work the land.

Secondly, the only crop that has not decreased is babies.

Thirdly, much of the world's arable land is eroding away. The common belief that millions of virgin acres only await the plough is " Pollyana " wishful-thinking. More to the point, two-thirds of New Zealand's farm country suffers from erosion, and about a quarter of the United States' arable and pasture lands have been lost or gravely damaged. This refers particularly to wheat " mining," or exhausting the soil by taking crop after crop. Whereas 6 ins. of soil can be destroyed in fifty years, it takes 500 years to restore a single inch. No wonder that the world's total area under food production has declined by several million acres.

While the world population was strongly increasing between 1910 and 1930, some 110,000,000 acres were brought under cultivation in the four largest agricultural exporting countries—the U.S.A., Canada, Australia and the Argentine. In recent years, while the world population has been leaping up, no significant increase has occurred, and it is doubtful if the position will change for many years, even under the most favourable development.

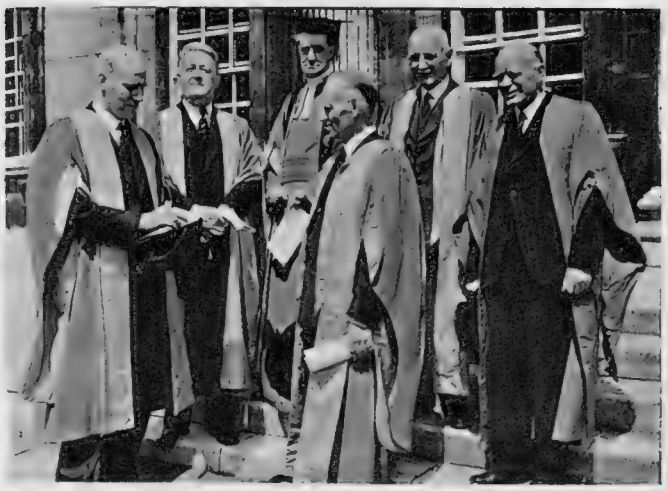
Fourthly, and by no means least, mankind has taken to gambling on the weather, showing all the signs of gambler's fever and acute malaise.

Food cannot be made to order like motor-cars ; crops dwindle or increase with the weather. If drought should strike both North America and Australia in the same year, Britain—and many others besides—would know all about it. As it happens, America has had seven good harvests, and a drought there is overdue.

We haven't the tools ; we breed without regard to nourishing our progeny ; the world's fertile soil is smitten by erosion ; and we gamble wildly on the weather. And this is to say nothing of permanent social, economic and technological changes which are profoundly affecting food production and consumption.

Increased domestic use of food and feeding stuffs in exporting countries is substantially reducing what is available for export. Again, industrial development in food-producing countries is leading them to export more and more processed products instead of raw materials. And there 's the higher standard of living, increased food consumption on the spot, in these same lands.

The struggle to feed the world makes dull reading and the tendency to illuminate it by periodical alarums and appeals defeats its own object. Ideological and party politics are more dramatic, so hold the stage. Yet the battle for food is heavy with consequence to every home, hut and hovel. Its outcome means as much to mankind as any atom bomb. Oh, for a new Malthus to say as much, drawing on the lessons, and naming the obstacles, of the present, including the lunatic sight of closed frontiers !



CAMBRIDGE HONOURS SCHOLARS OF THE EMPIRE: The Rev. Charles Earle Raven (centre, capped), Master of Christ's, with five of the six members of the Congress of the Universities of the Commonwealth upon whom he conferred honorary doctorates at a recent ceremony in the Senate House. On the left is Dr. Thomas Benjamin Davie, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cape Town (Doctor of Law), and beside him is Mr. Sidney Earle Smith, K.C., President of the University of Toronto (Doctor of Law). On the right is Dr. Robert John Tainsly Bell, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Otago (Doctor of Science), and next to him (wearing glasses) is Dr. Alexander Gibson, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Melbourne and former Dean of the Faculty of Arts (Doctor of Letters). In the foreground is Mr. E. Malherbe, Principal of Natal University College (Doctor of Law)

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE CONGREGATION IN THE SENATE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE: In the centre of the procession walked the six Empire scholars who received honorary doctorates in recognition of their very considerable services to education in the British Commonwealth

THE SCHOLARS MARCH IN THE SUMMER SUN

Recent Events at Cambridge, Westminster and Lancing

WESTMINSTER SCHOOLBOYS CHEER THE PROCESSION: This was an incident in the special ceremonies relating to the annual election of Westminster boys to take up scholarships at Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge

PRESENTING THE PETITION FOR ELECTION: One of the Westminster schoolboys advances with the Latin document at the annual election to university scholarships. On the platform are the Dean of Christ Church (the Very Rev. J. Lowe), the Master of Trinity (Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.), and the Dean of Westminster (Dr. Alan Don). On left and right stand the scholars, with white bow ties and carnations

LEADING THE PROCESSION TO THE LANCING CHAPEL: Members of the College taking part in the centenary celebrations

LANCING GIVES THANKS ON A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE FOUNDATION'S HISTORY: The scene within the imposing college chapel during the special service to mark the foundation of the Woodard schools, the great educational enterprise started in 1848 by Nathaniel Woodard with the opening of a boarding school at Shoreham, by the Sussex coast. At the service the sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford. At luncheon Lord Halifax, the guest of honour, spoke of the achievement of Woodard in founding Lancing in the conditions which prevailed in 1848. In the evening a festival of music was held in the chapel. All three works in the programme, including Britten's Cantata, were written for the occasion, and each was conducted by its composer. The large choir was made up of boys and girls from the southern division of the various Woodard Schools

WHITE SAILS ON TORBAY

Competitors Prepare for the Olympic Yachting Contests

THE FIREFLIES LINE UP FOR BATTLE : Sailing craft for the smallest of the Olympic classes being prepared for their trials at Torquay, venue of the Olympic yachting contests

SAIL STRETCHING AT SPEED : A boat in the International Star class of the Yachting Olympiad being tuned up. The contests began on August 3 and they will continue until August 12

Below—**A PRACTICE SPIN ACROSS TORBAY : No. 1663 in the International Star class seen in action during the trials off Torquay**

YACHTS IN THE STOCKS—OLYMPIC CRAFT ON SHORE AT TORQUAY : Torbay was chosen as the venue for the yachting contests in the Olympiad, because it offers a magnificent expanse of water freer than are most of our yachting centres from the complexities of tide and current which can be turned to immense advantage by the seaman with local knowledge. Another reason for the choice lies in the fact that Torquay, Paignton and Brixham offer good accommodation

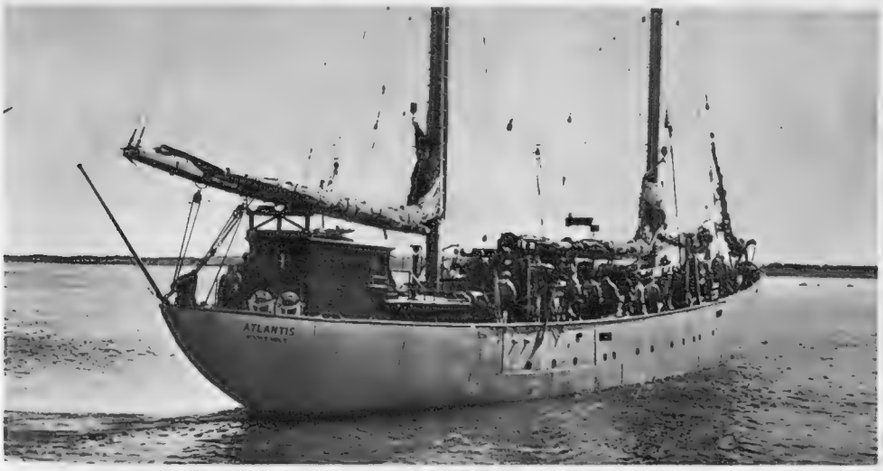
A TALL SHIP IN THE RIVER THAMES: The Norwegian merchant marine cadet training ship "Sorlandet," carrying boys in training, docking at Greenland Dock after her arrival in London. The vessel, built from a donation of 1,000,000 kroner (£50,000) by a Kristiansand shipowner, was handed over in 1927. During the war the "Sorlandet" fell into German hands after their invasion of Norway in 1940, and was later sunk and salved

A STATELY VISITOR TO CAPE COD—HOME OF AMERICA'S WINDJAMMER FLEETS IN EARLIER DAYS: The Portuguese naval training-ship "Sagres" moving slowly through a calm sea off the Massachusetts coast. The lofty square-rigged ship, which has been making a goodwill visit to several New England cities, is here using her engine to aid in the light air. Cape Cod contains a number of good harbours, one of which is Plymouth, on the west arm of the bay

ADVENTURERS of the DEEP

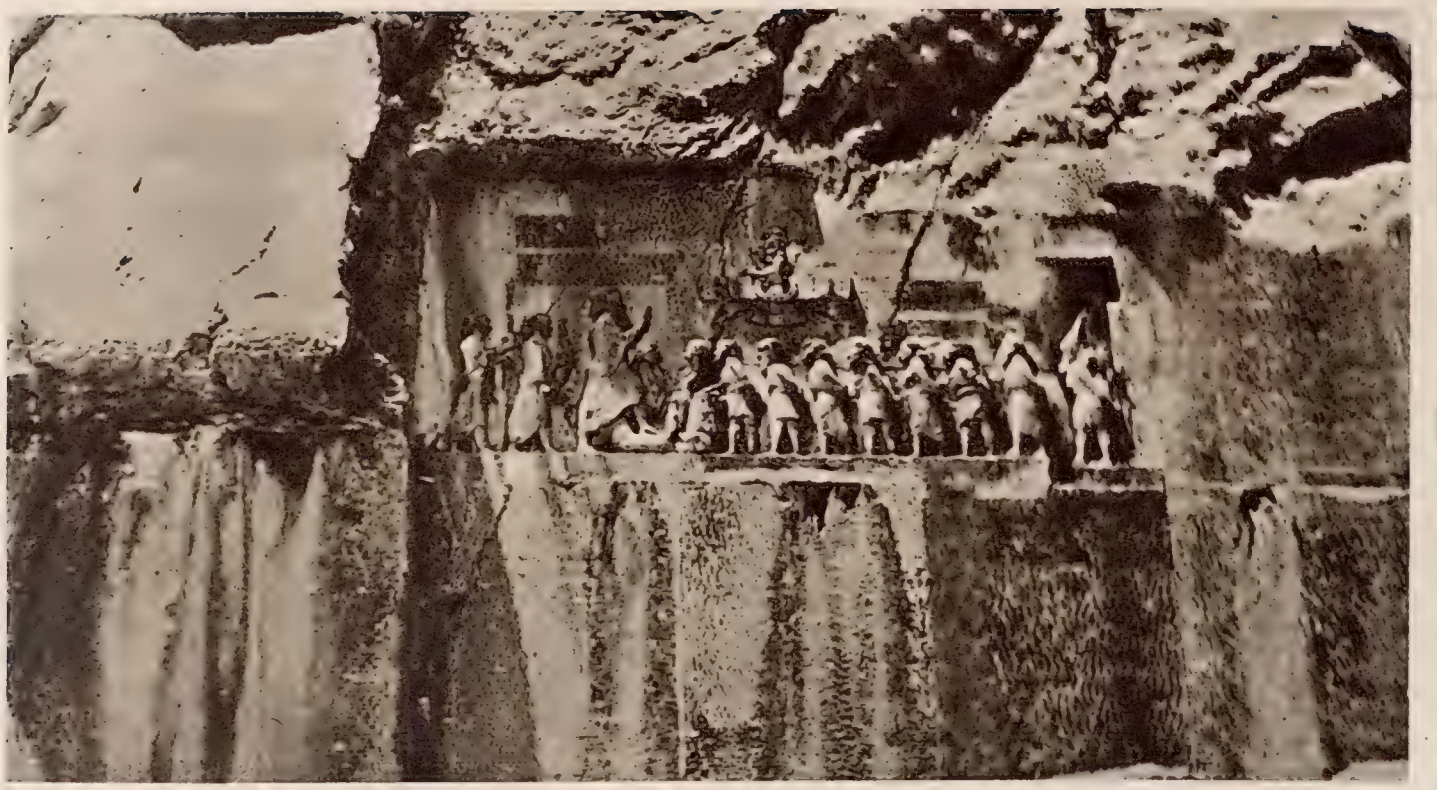
The "Sorlandet" in the Thames and the "Sagres" off Cape Cod

ADVENTURE IN A SAILING-BOAT—A DANISH COUPLE ON AN EXTENSIVE PLEASURE CRUISE: Two years ago Captain and Mrs. Einer Henrichsen left Copenhagen aboard the "Viking" for a cruise which has taken them half-way around the world. This photograph was taken when they were at Funchal, in the Madeira Islands, off the west coast of North Africa. Since then they have been to North America and have visited Mobile, in Alabama. They hope eventually to sail through the Panama Canal and up the coast to Los Angeles



OFF TO EXPLORE ATLANTIC DEPTHS: The research ship *Atlantis* leaving Woods Hole, Massachusetts, to begin exploration of the mid-Atlantic ridge, two miles beneath the surface of the ocean. Among the scientific equipment aboard is a colour camera with which the scientists hope to make pictures of ocean creatures living at great depths. In THE SPHERE of July 10 last there appeared a photograph of a sea spider which had been photographed on the ocean floor at 5,580 ft. by the same mission

AT THE END OF A JOURNEY—TWENTY-NINE LATVIANS ARRIVE IN THE UNITED STATES: After a forty-three-day voyage from England, the 64-ft. ketch "Gundel" arrived in Boston Harbour, Massachusetts. The party aboard included seven women and seven children. The twenty-nine Latvians left Sweden because they heard that they might be deported to their native Latvia, and feared what the Russians might do



PROBING THE CENTURIES-OLD SECRETS OF MOUNT BEHISTUN, PERSIA: This great relief, carved and inscribed upon the living rock, has long been known as the "Rosetta Stone of Western Asia," as the inscription is in Elamite, Babylonian and Old Persian, thereby offering a vital language comparison. This autumn an archæologist from the University of Chicago is to visit Mount Behistun and, suspended from a steel cable 300 ft. above the ground, will make the first complete copy of this order which King Darius issued in triplicate

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The order of Darius carved on the heights of Mount Behistun certainly has less importance than the Rosetta Stone, the celebrated stone which supplied Champollion with the key for the decipherment of the ancient monuments of Egypt, but as a comparison between Darius's own tongue (Old Persian) and Elamite and Babylonian, it is of great value to language experts. The pictorial side of the relief shows Darius with ten of his enemies, rebels he was forced to subdue before he started to extend his Empire.

LE PARDON SOUS LA PLUIE—A PICTURESQUE FESTIVAL IN FINISTERRE MARRED BY THE RAIN: *Left*—Celebrants, armed with umbrellas, following the priests down the road to the foreshore at Locronan, Finisterre, during the Pardon of Tremonie held every seven years in homage to St. Ronan. *Right*—The pilgrims in prayer

KING ABDULLAH PUTS HIS SUBJECTS TO SHAME: The white-coated monarch of Transjordan (with back to camera) addresses a mob of demonstrators outside the Ragudem Palace in his capital at Amman. The incident began when a mob, numbering about 1,000, gathered near the Palace and began to chant "Palestine has been betrayed." Out strode the King to face them alone. One of the leaders who admitted fleeing to Amman from Palestine had his face slapped by the King, and to the mob in general Abdullah said that Palestinians demonstrating in Amman instead of fighting in Palestine was the real betrayal. These words, and more like them, broke up the demonstration, the second in five days to be personally quelled by King Abdullah

HIGH JINKS IN "THE CONFEDERACY"—THE KLAN IS ON THE WARPATH AGAIN: Robed and hooded members of the Ku Klux Klan burning a fiery cross during recent initiation ceremonies on the summit of Stone Mountain, Atlanta, Georgia. About 450 members came to hear the Grand Dragon, Samuel Green, warn the Yankees not to try to enforce racial equality south of the Mason-Dixon line. The Klan is mustering all its forces against President Truman's Civil Rights Bill, and gives its wholehearted support to the Southern breakaway movement against the Democratic Party, a breakaway involving no fewer than thirteen of the Southern States. The position in these States is in some respects reminiscent of the late '60's after the South's defeat

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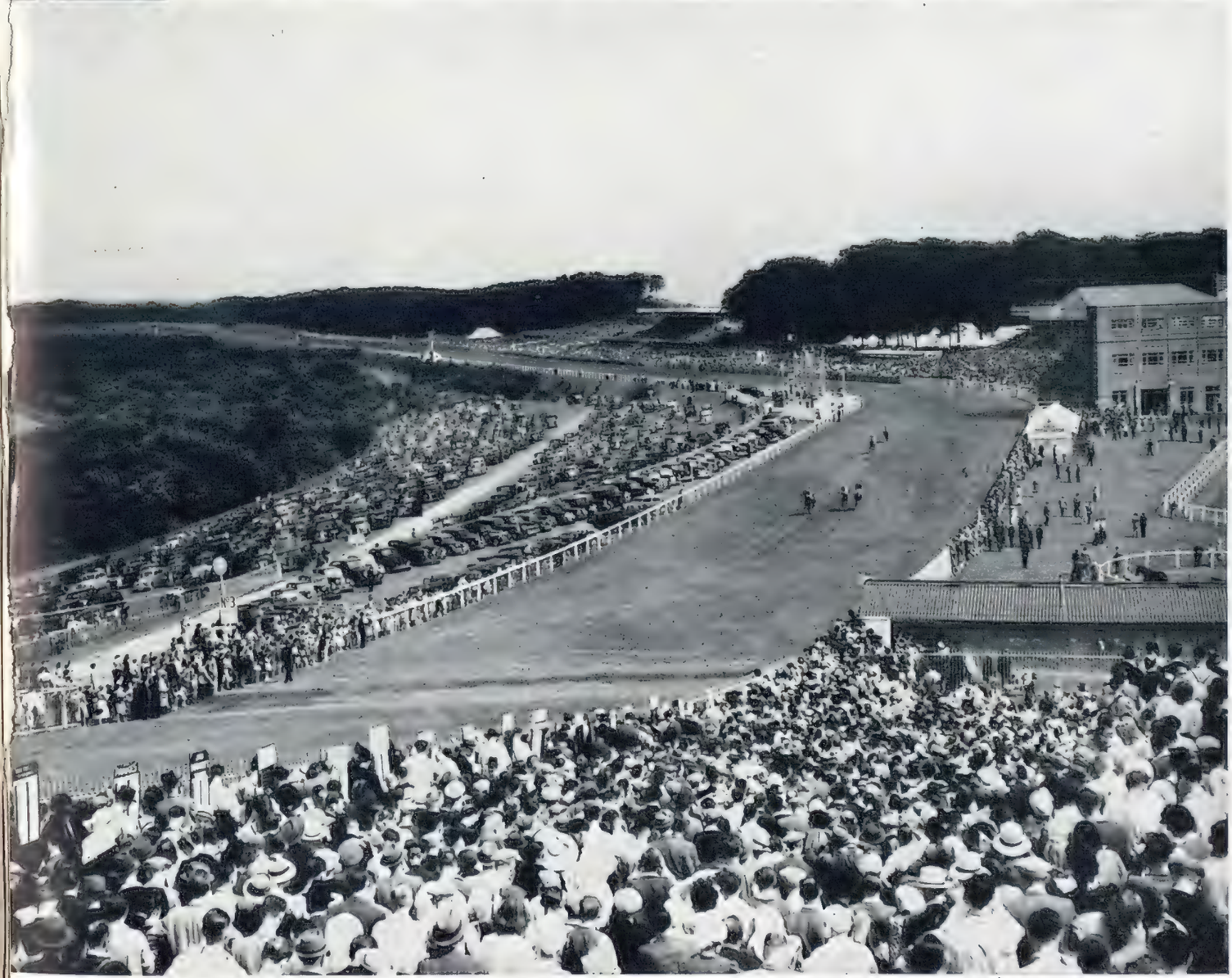
DRAMATIC, WITH E. SMITH IN THE SADDLE, WINS THE STEWARDS' CUP FOR MR. A. E. SAUNDERS: The good-looking three-year-old, carrying 7 st. 7 lbs., 3 lbs. of which was overweight, nearing the post when getting the better of Pando (No. 6) and Explorer. Dramatic, a son of Fair Trial out of Titanic, had won his first race, at Newmarket, only a fortnight before, and, in view of his rapid improvement, was well backed at odds of 9 to 1. Dramatic is the first important winner turned out by Todd since he took over Manton



FROM TRUNDLE HILL THE CROWD LOOKS DOWN ON THE BROAD EXPANSE OF SUSSEX DOWNLAND: They had just seen Prince Aly Khan's colt Iran (by Bois Roussel out of Stafaralla) win the valuable New Ham Foal Stakes with Gordon Richards in the saddle. The five runners are seen pulling up after rounding the bend near the grandstand. The racing took place in a haze of heat. On any other racecourse it would have been unbearable, but on the wooded Sussex hills it was a day not to be forgotten by the thousands who thronged the enclosures. There were many house parties in the Goodwood area

NO. 93, PARK LANE, BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S HOME FROM 1839 UNTIL THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE IN 1873 : At this corner house, now the headquarters of Alfred Pemberton Ltd., the author-statesman wrote *Sybil* and *Conigsby*, and it is believed that in one of the ground-floor rooms he brought to a successful conclusion the acquisition of the Suez shares. To-day the room is preserved as near as possible in its original state

Old London: Drawings by Percy J. Home

DISRAELI'S MAYFAIR HOMES PRESERVED

Links With the Great Statesman-Novelist

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, for all his love of the countryside, Hughenden in particular, was essentially a Londoner, with not a little of the man-about-town in his complex make-up. From his birth in John Street, Bedford Row, to his death in the big house in Curzon Street, which he bought with the profits of *Endymion*, his life was bound up with the Metropolis. Two of Disraeli's homes have lately been in the news. No. 93, Park Lane by reason of its reprieve, together with the other old buildings in that famous thoroughfare, and the Curzon Street establishment, a wartime casualty, which is now being thoroughly restored. No. 19, Curzon Street was Disraeli's home for only three months, the last three months of his life. He went to live there after his wife's death, the Park Lane home having been her property. It is said that Pellegrini, the artist of *Vanity Fair*, persuaded Lord Rowton to walk Disraeli up and down Curzon Street so that he might stand at the corner and sketch him. Smollett and Charles Reade both lived in the same street at varying times, while, entering the realms of fiction, Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley set up house at No. 201 (now identified with Nos. 22 and 39)

WHERE DISRAELI SPENT THE LAST MONTHS OF HIS CAREER : No. 19, Curzon Street (the first doorway on the left) is now undergoing repairs from bomb damage, together with the rest of a large block on the south side of the street. Disraeli went to live there at the beginning of 1881, having purchased the lease with the proceeds of *Endymion*. In the closing weeks of his life increasing crowds gathered round his house, and his passing was followed by "a general burst of sorrow." Disraeli was born at 6, John Street, Bedford Row

"THE EAST END'S LITTLE CATHEDRAL" : This is the name sometimes given to St. Luke's Church, Canning Town, which now stands revealed in the centre of a blitzed area cleared for rebuilding. The church is to be the focal point in a new housing scheme in Dockland. One of these new streets can be seen on the left

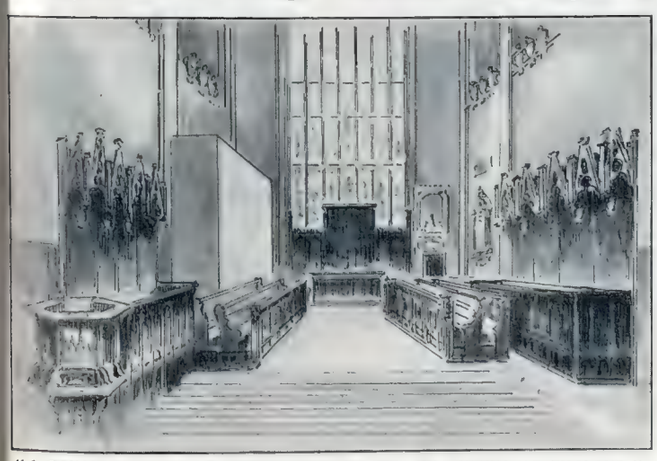
THE DISRAELI HOME IN PARK LANE : No. 93, now resplendent in a new coat of paint and enjoying a new lease of life, with freshly-painted cream walls, green shutters, and gay window-boxes

A COOL OASIS IN THE BUSY HEART OF LONDON : This plane-tree stands at the side of Bow Lane just behind Ye Olde Watling Restaurant, which has lately been in the news by reason of the repairs ordered by the Mansion House. On the right is the Church of St. Mary

YE OLDE WATLING RESTAURANT : The celebrated City eating-house at 29, Watling Street, one of the oldest buildings in the City of London and one of the first to be built after the Great Fire, has now been effectively repaired. It was in danger of demolition

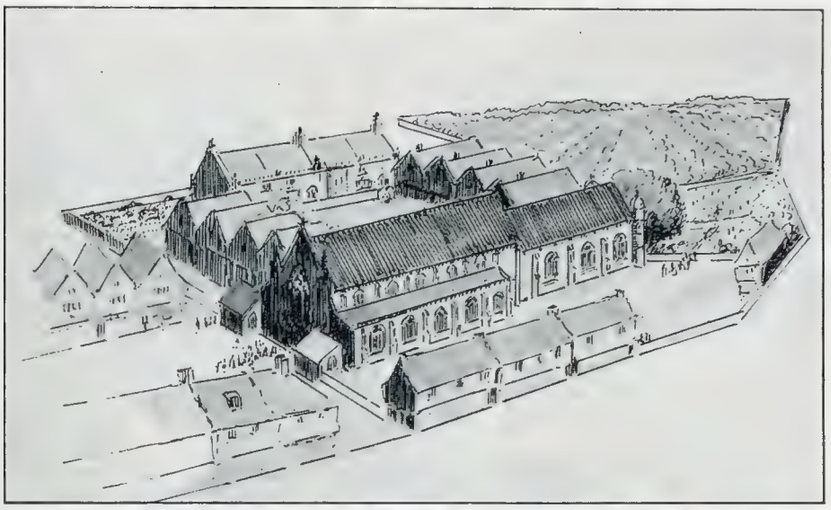
Watling Street, one of the fascinating, still surviving corners of the much blitzed City of London, is part of the ancient Roman Road which ran from Dover to Cardigan. The present course of the street is probably somewhat changed from its original direction owing to the rebuilding which took place after the fire of 1136. Ye Olde Watling Restaurant, to the antiquity of which the Lord Mayor of London referred in a recent court case, was probably erected after the Great Fire of 1666, and it is good to know that it has now been made safe for posterity.

In Watling Street, it is recorded, was located the "Shunamite's" House, an inn for the accommodation of those preachers who travelled from a distance to preach at Paul's Cross. Izaak Walton relates that Richard Hooker, while on such a mission in 1581, was taken sick there and was nursed back to health by Mrs. Churchman, the wife of the innkeeper and a great match-maker. Hooker afterwards married her daughter Joan



"A ROYAL PECULIAR IN THE POSSESSION OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND" : An interior view of the Chapel of St. Katherine's Foundation, Regent's Park, showing the ancient choir stalls. The carved stalls came from the old chapel on the site near the Tower of London

THE JOURNEYINGS OF ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL OF ST. KATHERINE BY THE TOWER AS IT APPEARED AS A MEDIEVAL FOUNDATION : The hospital was founded in 1148 by Queen Matilda as a religious establishment near the Tower of London, and it remained there until 1825, when it was removed to the Precincts in Regent's Park to make way for the construction of St. Katherine's Docks. In addition to the hospital, 1,250 other houses were removed, and the 11,000 occupants had to find other homes. The work of the Royal Hospital in Regent's Park has come to an end, but the patron, Queen Mary, has approved the recommendation of the Chapter to re-establish this Royal Foundation on a religious basis in East London as near as possible on its original lines and site

RATCLIFFE, THE NEW SITE FOR THE ROYAL FOUNDATION'S ACTIVITIES : The house which is now being reconditioned for occupation by the Royal St. Katherine's Foundation is older than its external appearance would at first indicate. The house stands near the Church of St. James Ratcliffe, in a district which lies close to the famous Limehouse Basin. Masts and cranes can be seen over the houses, and the trees of the nearby park and playing field. The nave of the church has been heavily blitzed—the damage is hidden by the western end shown here. The house was also damaged by blast, but is now being reconditioned. The interior has a classic Georgian charm which comes as a surprise. The front door leads into a pillared entrance lobby—two main rooms open up from this lobby—both have walls painted with landscapes in colour with figures in panels below in monochrome. The house faces Butcher's Row, a small, winding roadway which leads down to the river at Ratcliff Highway. The district is distinctly out of the usual tourist track. The first aims of the Royal Foundation on its new site will be to help the Bishop of London's Mission and to be of service to old people living in the neighbourhood

ASSOCIATED WITH ENGLAND'S QUEENS—ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL, THE ROYAL FOUNDATION WHICH IS NOW MOVING ONCE AGAIN TO THE EAST END : An artist's impression of St. Katherine's Precincts, Regent's Park, where the Royal Foundation was re-established after removal from the Tower of London area in 1826-27. This Regent's Park property was purchased with funds obtained from the company which built St. Katherine's Dock on the original site of the Foundation. Several old monuments from the original hospital were taken there. St. Katherine's is intimately associated with three Queens : Matilda of Boulogne, Consort of King Stephen, who founded the place for the repose of the soul of her son Baldwin and her daughter Matilda ; Eleanor, widow of Henry III, who dissolved the old Foundation and refounded it ; and Queen Phillipa of Hainault, Edward III's Consort. The Regent's Park building is a Gothic structure similar in character to King's College, Cambridge. It was designed by Ambrose Poynter

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE OLYMPIC REGATTA COURSE AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES : Competitors are seen practising before the opening last Thursday. Temple Island, which can be seen to the right of the picture, is the starting-point for some of the Olympic events. This beauty-spot on the Thames and its Georgian temple are threatened by the building of a bridge nearby to carry the proposed Henley by-pass on the Oxford-London road. The island and adjoining Greenlands Estate would be affected by the plan, and the matter is under consideration by the Ministry of Transport. Over 400 oarsmen are taking part in the Olympic Regatta

THE LIVERPOOL HARBOUR RADAR TOWER FROM THE APPROACH CHANNEL TO GLADSTONE DOCK : The tower commands an unrestricted view of the Mersey as far as Prince's Landing Stage and the whole of Liverpool Bay. The Liverpool Harbour Supervision Radar, which was opened last week, is the first of its kind in the world. The equipment was built by the Sperry Gyroscope Company, of Brentford, Middlesex, for the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. The main radar control-room, which is housed below the tower (as seen in the picture *above, right*), contains the transmitter-receiver gear and the display console with its Wandering Display; enlarged scale Displays 4, 3, 2, 1, and General Display. Ships can now dock at and sail from Liverpool in all kinds of weather, and the narrow, tortuous Mersey will be very much simpler to navigate in poor visibility

THE "PRETORIA CASTLE," DRESSED OVERALL, BEGINS HER MAIDEN VOYAGE : The 28,700-ton twin-screw turbine vessel is the largest in the Union Castle Service and the largest built in a British shipyard since the war. The mail steamer set out for Capetown at the end of July. All the company's passenger ships built in recent years have been propelled by motor engines. The point has now arisen whether the maximum power has been developed by these for the propulsion of such liners. Whether this is so or not the company has chosen double-reduction geared steam turbines for this vessel and her sister-ship, the *Edinburgh Castle*, now being completed at Belfast. The new liner is commanded by Captain Brown, commodore of the fleet, who left the *Capetown Castle* at Capetown to take command of the *Athlone Castle* in order that he might return sooner and watch the fitting out of the *Pretoria Castle* at Belfast

THE NEW RADAR INSTALLATION AT LIVERPOOL : A view of the 80-ft. ferro-concrete tower on top of which the scanner can be seen. On the left and at the base of the tower is the building which houses the display equipment and the necessary radar transmitter-receiver apparatus

PATRICIA ROC GIVES HER BLESSING TO THE THAMES BUS SERVICE, AND THE DREAM OF SIR ALAN HERBERT COMES TRUE : This was the scene at Charing Cross Pier as the film star (as holder of ticket 0000) was about to board the "Oganic" following an inaugural speech by Mr. Tom Macpherson, M.P., Chairman of the Thames Passenger Services Interest Committee. Eight craft are operating the service, which runs from Putney to Greenwich, calling at Cadogan Pier (Chelsea), Lambeth, Charing Cross, Tower Bridge, Cherry Garden and Limehouse. The start of the service coincided with the advent of warm weather, and the boats made their initial trips with a full complement of passengers

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS HOLDS AN INVESTITURE AND A PARTY IN LONDON: Prince Bernhard with Viscount Portal of Hungerford, the Netherlands Ambassador and Air Vice-Marshal Sir H. Broadhurst at the Dutch Embassy in London. At the Investiture, which had just taken place, Lord Portal was made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Netherlands Lion and he is seen wearing the insignia and sash of the order. Prince Bernhard's interest in the Royal Air Force has always been strong

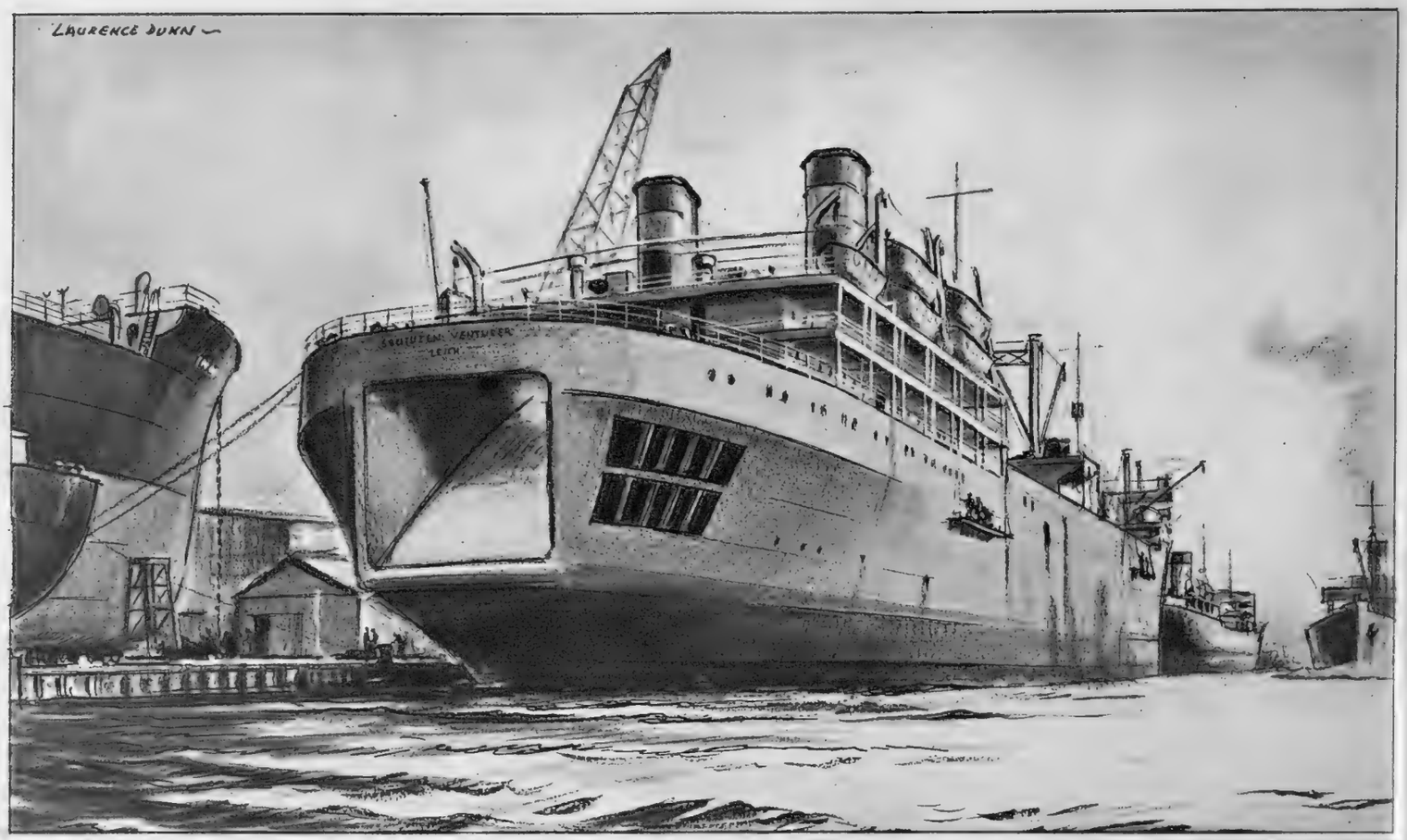
A PARSEE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY ENACTED AT A LONDON HOTEL: Dr. D. A. Dastur, the officiating priest, girdles eleven-year-old Khurshed A. Bhumgara with pure wool of white lamb, the symbol of innocence, when conducting the Navjote at the May Fair Hotel. At this ceremony the eleven-year-old youth, whose parents live at West Hampstead, was initiated into the Parsee religion. Parsee-ism remains a small but dominant religion, and in India the Parsees have long been leading members of the native trading community. The Parsees are noted, in particular, for integrity and public spiritedness

THE SUN GOT THE BLAME FOR THIS: The heat-buckled lines and smouldering timbers at Ayot railway station, Hertfordshire, after flames had swept along the 50-yard platform in a fire believed to have been started by the heat of the sun's rays, but another theory was that it was caused by a spark from a passing engine. The local brigade got the flames under control in an hour. Measures have been taken to enable passengers to board trains

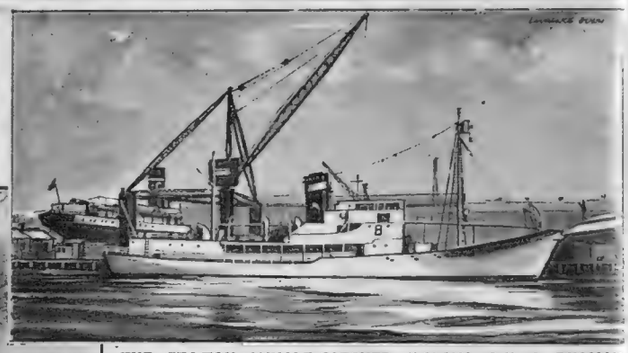
BRITISH RAILWAYS LAUNCH A NEW CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER: The 5,200-ton "Hibernia" takes to the water at Belfast. She is the first of two motor passenger vessels, which are being built by Harland and Wolff for the Holyhead-Dun Laoghaire service. The launching ceremony was performed by Lady Somerset. The "Hibernia" and her sister-ship, the "Cambria," will be Britain's largest cross-channel passenger vessels

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER AT ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN KENNINGTON: The boys, who play the women's parts, receive the final touches to their make-up for a performance of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," which Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher first produced in 1613. The staff and pupils worked enthusiastically to re-create the Elizabethan setting. Scenery was designed, built and painted in the school and based on drawings of the period. Some of the costumes and wigs were genuine Elizabethan apparel. Boys playing the women's parts were in keeping with the custom of the day

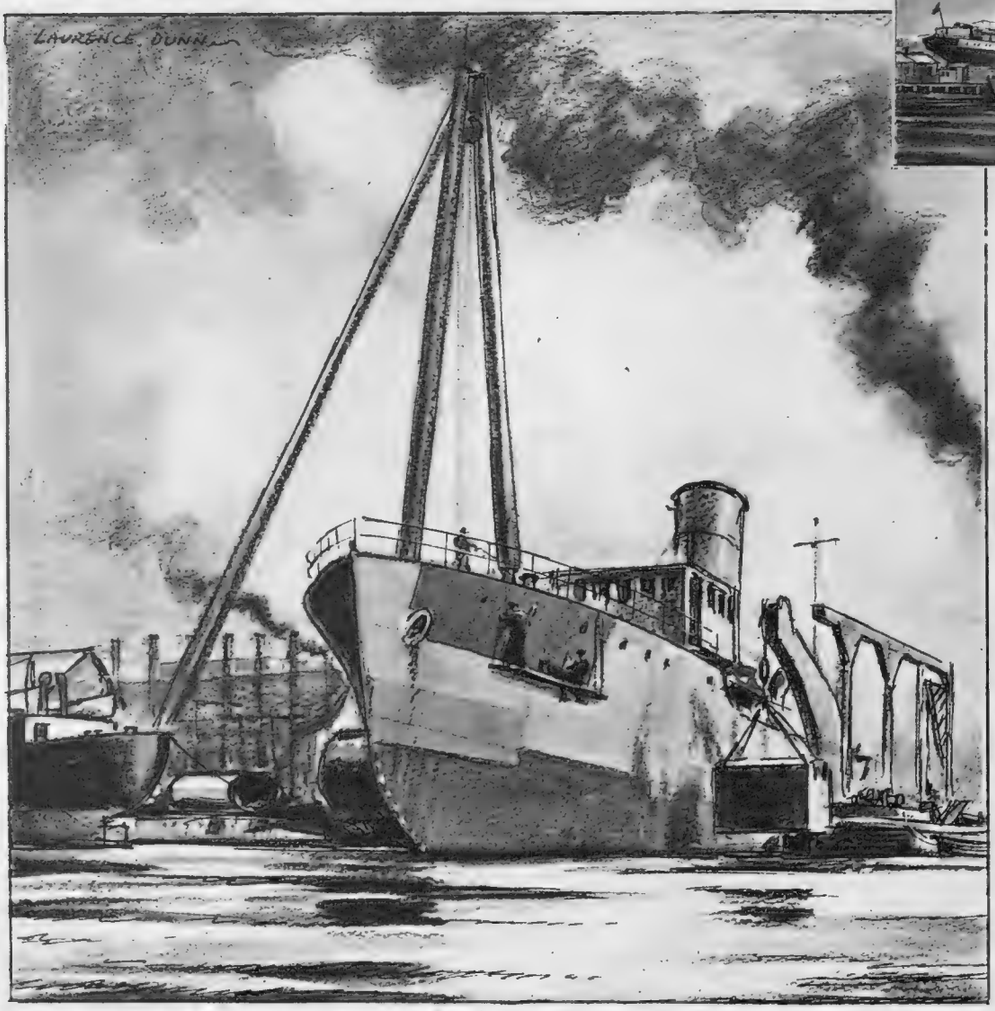
MR. AND MRS. FIRTH AND MR. AND MRS. TALLON ARE HAVING A WELCOME CHANGE AT BRACING SKEGNESS: They come from the Derbyshire coalfield, and here they are, "en famille," at the Derbyshire N.U. Mineworkers' holiday centre. This centre, where 14,000 people will have spent holidays before the summer's end, has provided the inspiration for the National Coal Board's four new holiday camps. The first of these will be for the 97,000 men of the East Midlands division, and sponsoring the plan is Sir Hubert Houldsworth, the East Midlands Chairman of the N.C.B. Sir Hubert recently visited the Derby miners' camp at Skegness, and was impressed with the general arrangements. Ideas gleaned there will be incorporated in the N.C.B.'s camps



GETTING READY FOR NEXT SEASON'S WHALING EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC: The whale factory ship "Southern Venturer" being overhauled at North Shields. Owned by Chr. Salvesen and Co., of Leith, the *Southern Venturer*, a ship of 14,066 tons gross and 20,300 tons dead-weight, is one of Britain's latest factory ships, having been built in 1945. At her stern is the inclined way up which the captured whales are hauled to the flensing deck. Within the hull are the great boiler rooms where the whale oil is extracted and the storerooms where the whale meat is placed ready for transhipment. The vessel's colour scheme is most distinctive. She has red, white and blue funnels—the blue at the top—and a blue-grey hull. On her left there is a Cardiff-owned tramp being repaired on a floating pontoon



THE 574-TON WHALE-CATCHER "SLAVA 8," A RUSSIAN SHIP THAT WAS UNTIL RECENTLY A GERMAN MINE-SWEEPER: She is one of a group of five similar ships which have been undergoing conversion in various Tyneside shipyards. They are unusually large as whale-catchers go, and are well-equipped. They are due to sail for Odessa, where they will be prepared for their Antarctic voyage



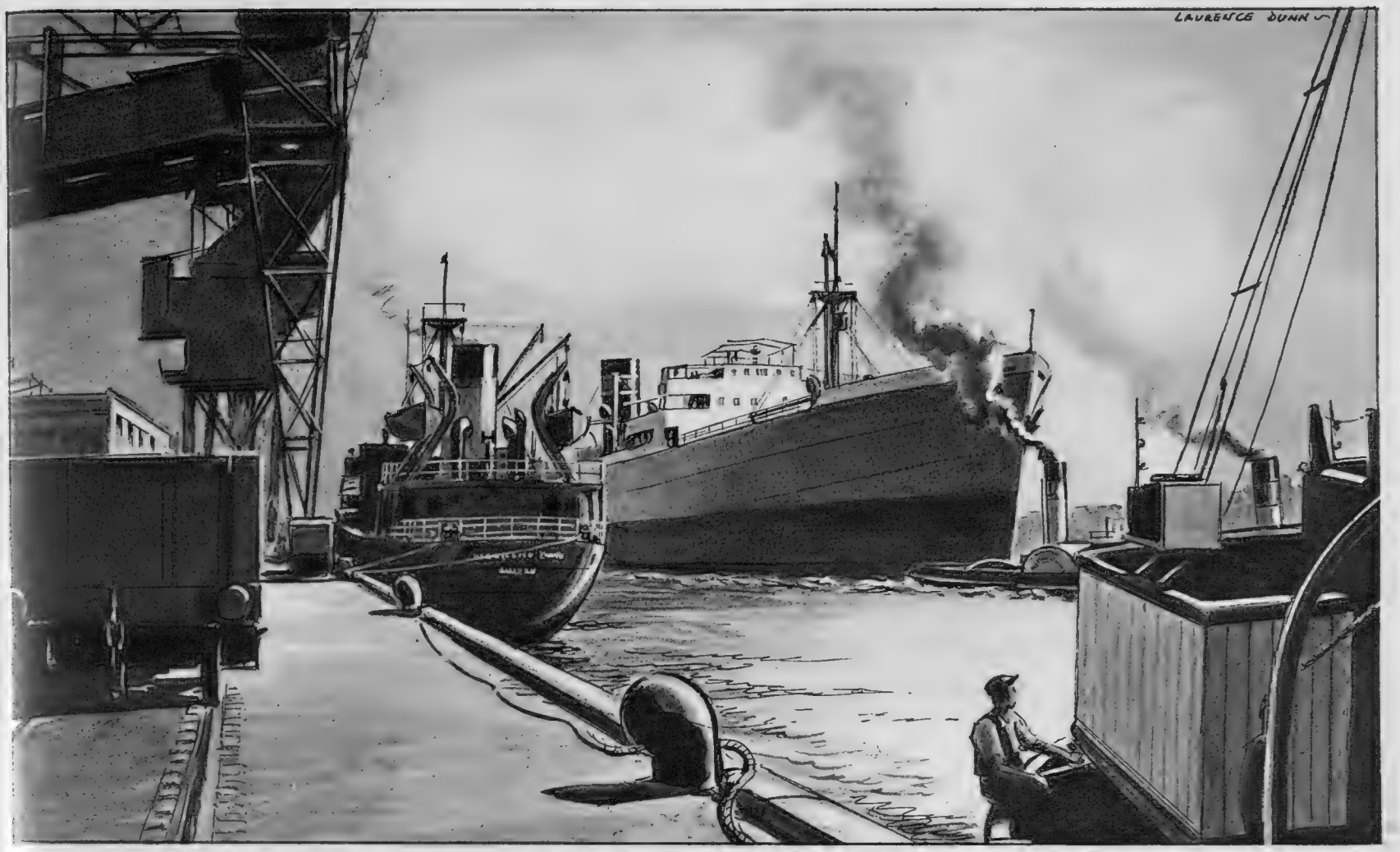
ANOTHER RECRUIT FOR THE ANTARCTIC: The "Southern Lupin," formerly the corvette "Woodruff," recently bought by Chr. Salvesen and Co., which is being converted at Willington Quay-on-Tyne into a whale towing ship. The first conversion of its kind, the "Southern Lupin" will be used to bring the newly-killed whales back to the factory ship, leaving the catchers free to concentrate on the hunt

EXPANDING the WHALING FLEETS of the WORLD

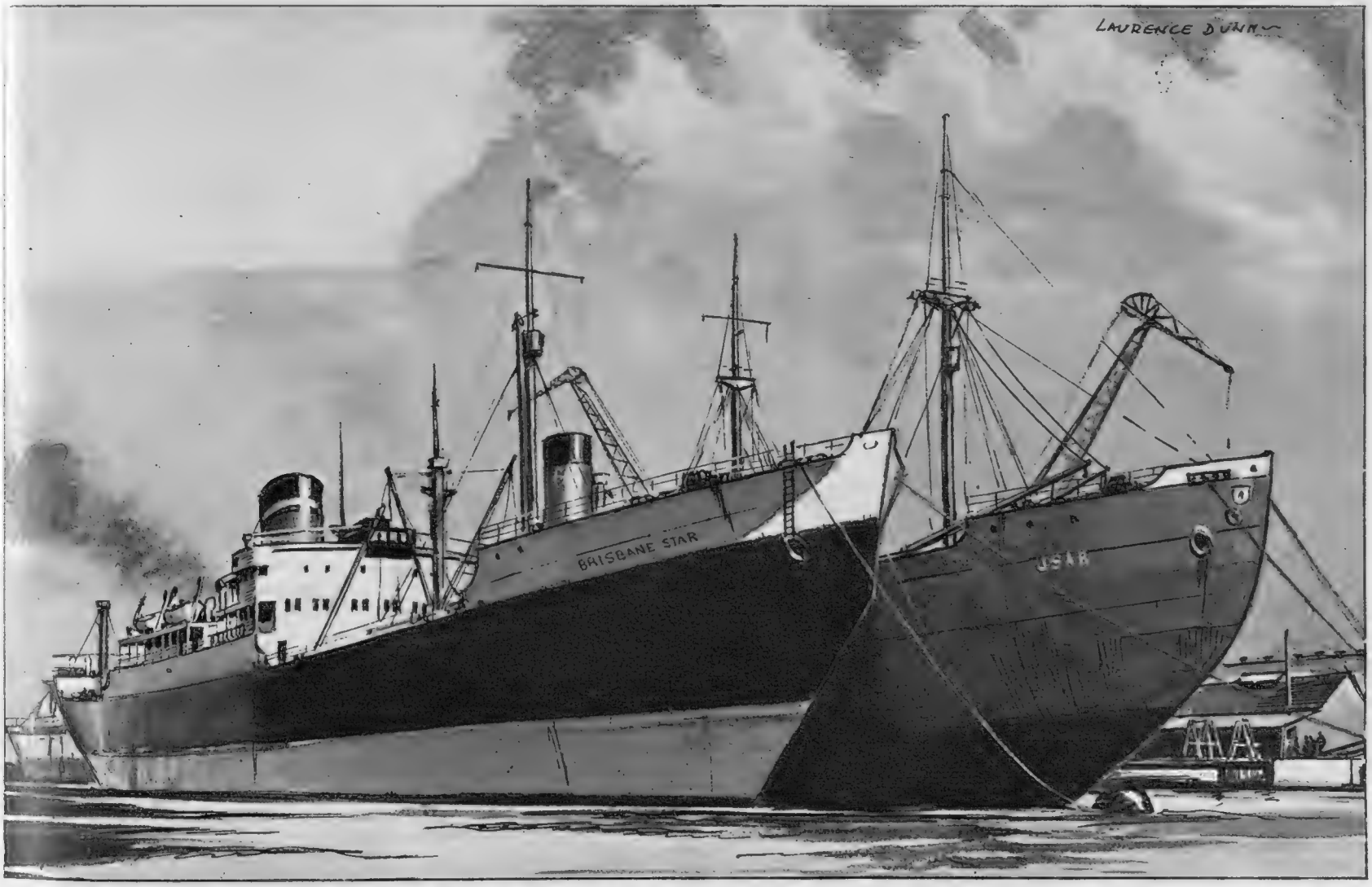
Busy Days on Tyne and Tees

(Special Sphere Drawings by L. T. Dunn)

The River Tyne, always an inspiring sight with its immense amount of activity, is now engaged in getting some of our finest whaling ships ready for next season's expedition to the Antarctic. Two of our largest and newest factory ships, the *Southern Harvester* and the *Southern Venturer*, are at South and North Shields for their seasonal overhaul, dwarfing other ships near by. The whaling industry is becoming far more organised, and instead of the time when there were just the factory ships and the catchers, there are now refrigerated cargo ships to bring whale meat back to Europe, tankers to take out oil fuel and return with whale oil, and now a new type of craft is appearing—the whale towing ship. A few miles up the Tyne the former corvette *Woodruff* is being converted for this role, which should enable the whale-catchers to concentrate on their proper work. Also in the River Tyne are a number of very fine Russian whale-catchers which are being converted at some of the smaller yards from ex-German naval craft. Russia, besides owning one factory-ship and a group of whale-catchers, has recently acquired another of 22,500 tons and ten further catchers from Dutch shipbuilders. Britain's shipbuilding achievements have been one of the brightest spots in our economy and export drive, and on the River Tyne the accent is on ships building for foreign owners, notably French, Portuguese and Norwegian. At Sunderland, a few miles to the south, the first ship built there for Swiss ownership has lately been delivered. Since the early days of the war Switzerland has owned ocean-going ships, but few have been of modern vintage, being bought when tonnage was very scarce



THE "ANNUNCIADA," THE FIRST SHIP EVER BUILT AT SUNDERLAND FOR SWITZERLAND, GOING DOWN THE TEES FOR TRIALS: Hitherto Swiss owners have had one other ocean-going ship built for their account. They usually rely on second-hand vessels. Built by William Doxford and Sons, Ltd., to the order of Pictet and Co. and Ferrier Lullin and Co., of Geneva, the "Annunciada" will trade on the Transatlantic route from Rotterdam and Antwerp, where she will link up with a fleet of 180 river craft using the Rhine waterway to Switzerland



TWO VISITORS TO JARROW—THE 12,791-TON REFRIGERATED SHIP "BRISBANE STAR," OF THE BLUE STAR LINE, AND THE EX-GERMAN STEAMER "ISAR," FORMERLY OF THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD: Both vessels have lately been visiting the Tyne in order to undergo repairs

The peculiar cut-away bow of the *Brisbane Star* is a reminder of wartime days when the vessel, then in a Malta convoy, was hit right forward by an airborne torpedo. With austerity the rule in ship repairs, as in house repairs, the smashed forefoot was not replaced afterwards. The *Isar*, a cargo liner of 9,026 tons, was one of the largest ships designed and built with the completely curved form of Maierform bow, as compared to the straight, very raked system. This form of hull was designed to reduce resistance and improve seaworthiness. The *Isar* has lately been bought by a British firm, the Stanhope Steamship Co. Ltd., London, and is to be renamed *Stanroyal*. Built in Hamburg in 1929, and therefore something of a veteran, she is one of the few large ex-German cargo liners to be put under the British flag since the close of Second World War

THE MARRIAGE IS ARRANGED: Harold Carter (Clive Morton) asks Ethel Underwood (Kathleen Michael) to be his wife, telling her that he understands her completely and that she will be free to wander as she wishes.

THE "UNDERSTANDING" HUSBAND LEARNS OF HIS WIFE'S LOVE FOR ANOTHER: He tells her that her love for the young seaman is just another of her fancies and taunts her with the fact that she dramatises herself

ETHEL'S COURAGE FAILS HER: She tries to stop Harold drinking the beer she thinks she has poisoned, but again he robs her of a dramatic scene by calmly telling her that he knew about her plan to murder him and had substituted chalk for the sleeping draught in the bottle

THE DRAMA OF THE THOMPSON-BYWATERS CASE

Scenes from "People Like Us" at Wyndham's Theatre

The late Frank Vosper was twenty-five years old when he wrote *People Like Us*. The play was produced at the Arts Theatre in 1927 and, in the same year, was staged in Paris, where it ran for over a year. It also had a highly successful run in New York. In this country, it was refused a licence by the Lord Chamberlain because of the distress it might have caused to people concerned in the Thompson-Bywaters case. Even the suburban setting was similar to the original murder, and the Lord Chamberlain would have granted the licence had the author been prepared to change it to another locale. Frank Vosper created his characters to fit the facts, and his play is a clever psychological study. "Ethel" has a vivid imagination in which she takes refuge from the humdrum existence of her suburban home. Her husband has a cold understanding of her and knows that she has not the courage to carry out the actions that her flights of fancy dictate. But the young man, who has fallen in love with her, responds to her appeals, and it is not until after he has committed the murder that she tells him that she never meant him to do it.

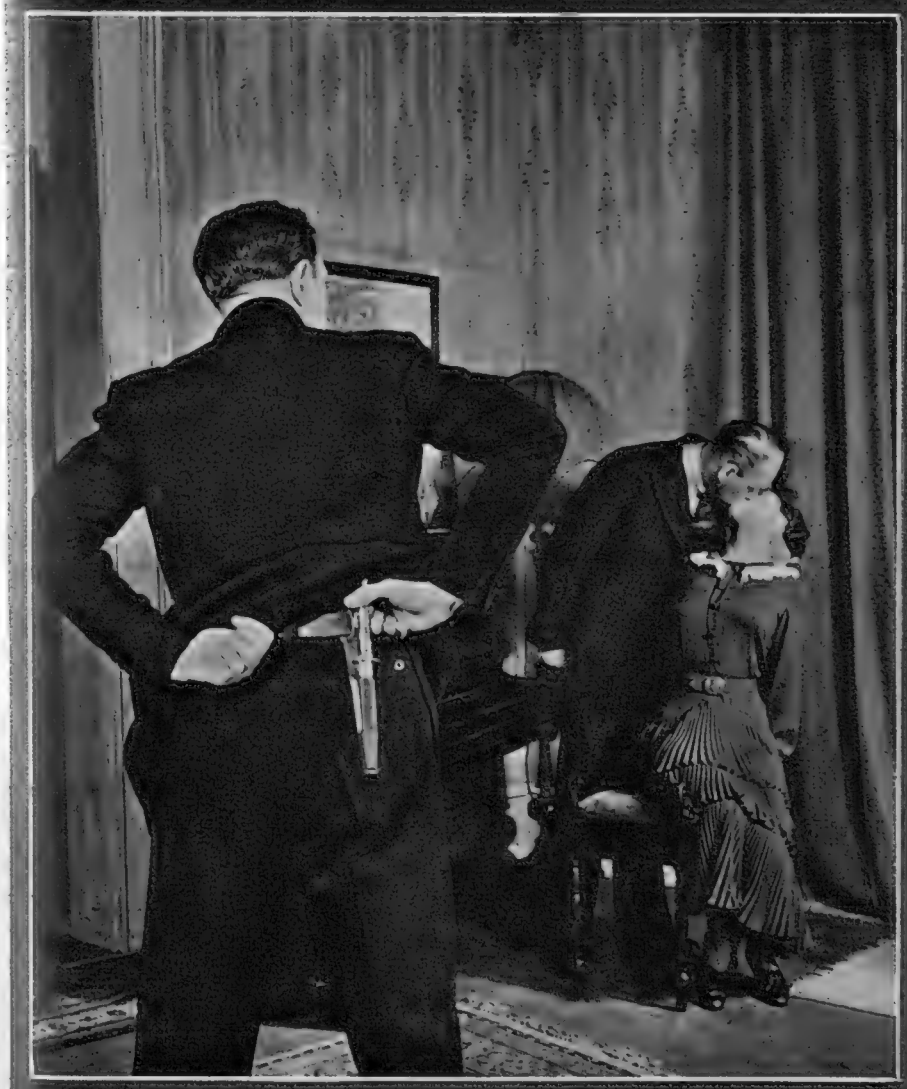
THE THIRD SIDE OF THE TRIANGLE: Harold forces his attentions on Ethel, telling her that her head is full of romantic nonsense from cheap novels and that she is always imagining dramatic situations which she has not sufficient courage to carry out. The scene reaches a climax when Rowlie Bateson, the wife's lover, appears from behind the curtains in the suburban living-room

ROWLIE'S MOTHER DISCOVERS THE LIAISON: Mrs. Bateson (Olga Lindo) finds a letter in a suit which her son has sent home to be cleaned. She confronts Ethel with its evidence of her love for Rowlie and the hint of there being " . . . other ways out . . ."

THE LOVERS : Robert Flemyng plays the character based on Bywaters. In the play he is a merchant seaman called Rowlie Bateson and, in the above scene, he takes advantage of Harold Carter's absence to say an affectionate good-bye to Ethel

A MURDER IS ARRANGED : Ethel pours what she thinks to be crushed tablets of her sleeping draught into her husband's tankard of beer, unaware that he is watching her. The plan was rapidly formed because Rowlie is expected home from his voyage

ETHEL BREAKS DOWN IN THE CELL : Her first reaction to the news that her appeal has failed is to take it calmly. But later she realises that she must hang and breaks into screaming hysterics



PRELUDE TO MURDER : Harold tells Ethel that she can go with Rowlie, but again her courage fails her and her husband seizes the opportunity to pay attention to her. . . Rowlie, driven to desperation by the scene, attacks and kills him

THE FINAL SCENE : After her hysterical outburst, she becomes calmer and her imagination begins to work. She talks of the perfect love between Rowlie and herself and how they will soon meet

THE CALL TO THE CRAFTSMAN

England to Have a Permanent Crafts Centre

By CHARLES GRAVES

NEXT month, if funds are available, it is hoped that the Crafts Centre of Great Britain will transfer to 98, Portland Place, and provide Great Britain with a permanent exhibition available to the British public and foreign visitors. Part of the exhibition will consist of one permanent set of living-rooms, the contents of which will change, piece by piece, in the course of the year. The other half will house those annual exhibitions of every aspect of the crafts from an educative and instructive point of view.

This country has a great tradition for craftsmanship. Unfortunately, the phrase "Arty Crafty" became all too true at the end of the nineteenth century. The various art and craft societies fell into disrepute, and the best types of artist-craftsman refused to join them. Strenuous efforts are now being made, before it is too late, to cherish our few remaining creative artists.

The Crafts Centre marks the amalgam of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society (founded by William Morris), the Red Rose Guild of Craftsmen, the Senenfelder Club, the Society of Wood Engravers and the Society of Scribes and Illuminators.

According to John Farleigh, the chairman, these five societies have succeeded in attracting 500 artist-craftsmen into membership. But there are still another couple of hundred whom they hope will become members. Great Britain has for centuries led the world in the making of beautiful objects of use. Creative artists have built up an unequalled sense of design. It is a frightening thought that only 700 of them are left in the whole of Great Britain. The spirit of the craftsmen is not easily destroyed, but they can be frustrated by restrictions and lack of proper materials and are so reduced in numbers that there is a considerable risk of the whole tradition disappearing completely.

A craft is not learned in a lifetime. It is inherited skill and knowledge which must be passed on like the Olympic Torch, by an unbroken chain. If this chain were broken, even for a few years, it would mean going right back to medieval times or even earlier. It has never happened in this country, although on more than one occasion there has been a grave danger of it.

Only a sprinkling of craftsmen survived the Industrial Revolution and, in the words of Mr. Farleigh, held on to the tradition of their crafts with their finger-tips until the intellectual revival of the crafts began with Ruskin. The group of men which followed him, led by William Morris, appreciated the significance of creative crafts and endeavoured to relate it to a philosophical way of life.

The craftsman of to-day has learned many things apart from the principle that design and craft are synonymous. He has no intention of competing with the machines either in cost or time. It is no longer a monster. It is a necessary and separate factor of modern life. When he can assist the machines he will, but he knows that the perfection of the machine is sterile. He is aware that his work is not only his livelihood, but also his expressing of the quality of life inherent in all great craftsmanship.

Some of the objects of the Centre are to make the craftsman and his work accessible to the public, to be seen free of charge and at all times; to enable the industrialist to meet the best designers; to establish British crafts in the eyes of visitors from abroad; to raise the standard of work by example both to craftsmen and the public; to develop all possible experiment and design; to co-operate with the Council of Industrial Design and the Fine Arts Council in travelling exhibitions; in fact, to assist the craftsman in putting his work before the world.

But, what are the crafts? Well, for the purposes of the Art Centre they are bookbinding, lithography, calligraphy, typography, wood engraving, domestic glass, sun glass, embroidery, lace, textiles (printed and woven), furniture, pottery, gold, silver and jewellery. One might have thought that, as steel engraving began on gun-barrels, gun-making would be in the list, not to mention saddlery and other traditional crafts. The Crafts Centre, however, insists on original design, and so saddlery and gun-making are left to the Rural Industries Bureau.

The revival of design and good work in furniture half-a-century ago, is bound up with the names of three architects—Ernest Gimpson, and the brothers Sidney and Ernest Barnsley. These men left little written evidence of their principles, but their sense of the true use of wood, coming as it does from the humble traditions of woodwork—the simple, solid joinery of the barns, windmills and wagons of England—gave them a feeling for a soundness in construction which formed a style of its own.

"A book should be made to look at, not to read," says the Earl of Warwick in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. The true book-lover will sympathise even if he does not go so far as Warwick. Book production naturally suffered during the war. It is, however, an art which has attracted some of the finest craftsmen throughout the ages and a well-produced book is not only a testimony to a wide field of talents, but a worthy upholder of traditions of craftsmen which have grown up through the centuries. Much preparation, which might be regarded as dull and tedious by the layman, is performed with positively loving care, and the satisfaction which the binder feels, as the book shapes under his hands, must be far greater than that of the actual collector of books himself. The embellishment of the cover is quite rightly the province of the binder. Out of the pride of his workmanship and the quality of his invention, he continues his job of tooling and cleating, to give the book that final character which is both functional and, at the same time, delightful to look at.

CHOSEN AS THE NEW CRAFTS CENTRE OF GREAT BRITAIN: No. 98, Portland Place, a handsome corner-site and a worthy home for a permanent but ever-varying exhibition of design

THE MAIN HALL AT NO. 98: The building in its dilapidated state before the work of creating the Crafts Centre was set in motion

The art of the potter is very close to the life of the people, but the potters are young in the re-discovery of this ancient craft, which was practically submerged by the Industrial Revolution. And because they were forced to look to the past for the best of the work, it was not surprising that a Chinese influence showed itself, particularly when so many new discoveries were made by the opening up of old Chinese graves.

In no other art are light and colour used with such skill as in the making of stained-glass windows. Every shade of blue, green, pink, purple, yellow and ruby red help to create that diffusion of glowing light so essential to the proper atmosphere of a church or cathedral. From the sheets of glass prepared and coloured by the glass-maker, the artist cuts the small pieces according to the pattern of his design before they are joined together by the leads to form the window. The early history of stained glass shows that it was already a mature art in the eleventh century, and for the next 300 years stained glass is equally notable for vitality of craftsmanship and beauty of design. The seventeenth century showed a decline in the craft; and still more so in the eighteenth century. It was not until the last century that the art was revived. It is a restriction to the artist, however, that so few churches are built nowadays. Nor, somehow, do the colours seem as soft and glowing as they used to be.

Silver-smithing has always been one of England's finest arts. Georgian silver remains the high-water-mark of beautiful craftsmanship. The independent craftsman of to-day has not chosen an easy way of living. Materials are expensive and the processes are slow. The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths is playing an important part in the revival of craftsmanship, and organises competitions open to most craftsmen and trade firms. A good example of competition work is the Ascot Gold Cup.

Manuscript writing is a fascinating craft. The predominating quality of a good letter-form depends very much on the tool which is used, whether it be a chisel or quill pen. The work of Edward Johnstone and Eric Gill is now recognised as the first real revival in the art of writing and designing letter-forms since the invention of type. The last forty years have seen a steady growth in the number of scribes and letter-writers who have altered the aspect of the printing world by their study and invention of beautiful letters, as well as by the actual type faces they have designed.

Glass-blowing goes back at least four centuries B.C. Cut glass was developed in London in the eighteenth century, but all forms of glass were deteriorated in the nineteenth century. True glass-forms are the outcome of the action of the glass-blowers who, working as a team in perfect time with one another, swing, blow and twist the glass while it is still malleable. The speed of their work is determined by the cooling process of the glass, and their tools are as simple to-day as those of the first glass-blowers.

Textile printing by its very simplicity lends itself to the art of the craftsman of early times. Modern conditions have produced a new race of craftsmen, but the simplicity of their methods varies little from that of their primitive predecessors. Fashion may have its say about design, colour and fabric, but the patterns of the future will be influenced by the studies of the craftsman, not by the machine-rooms of the factories.

Typography dates back to the first movable types cut in the fifteenth century. These derive their shape from written manuscripts and chiselled letter-forms. From then onwards, a never-ending stream of designs have provided the typographer of every generation with a type expressive of his own day.

To-day, the Editor of a journal such as The Sphere is in much the same position as that of the composer, who has a range of notes and instruments at his disposal, enabling him to express any subtle change of mood he may desire. At first sight, typography might appear to be a mechanical craft set within narrow and rigid limitations. In fact, the printer and publisher of books and the editors of newspapers and magazines have to study presentation, type and formal arrangement with extreme care.

A visit to the Connemara or Donegal hand-mills is a fascinating experience. The hand-loom weaver can produce cloths with complex colour schemes or elaborate contrasts in surface with none of the heavy cost entailed by specially constructed looms. The true weaver, moreover, must be able to sort fleeces into their different grades, learn the precise qualities of the bewildering variety of fibres, both natural and synthetic, and blend them together to present the requisite yarn. They also need to know all about pigmentation. Best of all, I like to watch them working their feet on the treadles like an organist in a church.

The art of embroidery was very popular in Victorian times. It was, indeed, regarded as an essential part of their education—like the three R's. Embroidery has recorded the history of nations down the centuries. It is a craft which badly needs revival.

Design is now a prime factor in daily life. It is just sixty years ago that the craft movement created this first society. Not a long time in which to have achieved so much, considering the depths to which design and workmanship had sunk.

NOW WE WILL HAVE A STATE OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden to be Bought by the Ministry of Works under the Town and Country Planning Act

THE THIRD COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE : This present theatre dates from 1858 and has been graced by such stars as Patti, Emma Albani, Nicolini and Tamberlik. The first theatre stood on the site of the residence of Wycherley. It was there that Handel produced the 'Messiah'

The surprise announcement, and it was as much a surprise to the executives of the Covent Garden Opera Company and the Sadlers Wells Ballet as it was to the general public, that the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was to be purchased by the Ministry of Works, now means that Britain will have a State opera. Whether it means that Britain is assured a whole series of ambitious and brilliant productions is not so certain, and there has indeed been much criticism of the Government's use of its compulsory powers in the face of Mr. Jay Pomeroy's "private enterprise" effort. Mr. Pomeroy, the Russian-born impresario, who has scored such a success with opera at the Cambridge Theatre, wanted, it is understood, a forty-two-year lease at Covent Garden, and it was this that led the Ministry of Works to take rather secret action. Sir John Anderson, chairman of the Trust, declared: "I do not believe there are any political motives in the purchase."

DESERTED STAGE AND EMPTY AUDITORIUM : A daytime view of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, which is to be bought by the Ministry of Works, acting for the Treasury, from Covent Garden Properties Company, Ltd. A preliminary compulsory order for the purchase has been served on Covent Garden

THE VAST AUDITORIUM AS SEEN FROM THE STAGE : Neither quite as big as Milan's Scala nor as impressive as Manhattan's Diamond Horseshoe, it none the less has size and dignity. It can accommodate 35,000 people

THE ORCHESTRA PIT : This picture evidences the necessarily spacious accommodation at the disposal of the musicians. *On left*—The celebrated Crush Bar with its handsome chandelier. During the war the theatre was a dance hall. It was then that Boosey and Hawkes, the music publishers, took a five-years lease of the place

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MR. GORER'S TRANSATLANTIC PROBE

Some Startling, Provocative, and Astute Estimates of the American People

BY long odds, THE AMERICANS (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.) is the most remarkable book of the week. This is a study, revealing and readable, of the characteristics of the people of the United States, and it has been made by Mr. Geoffrey Gorer, a British anthropologist whose serious contribution to this science is only equalled in value by his admirable candour.

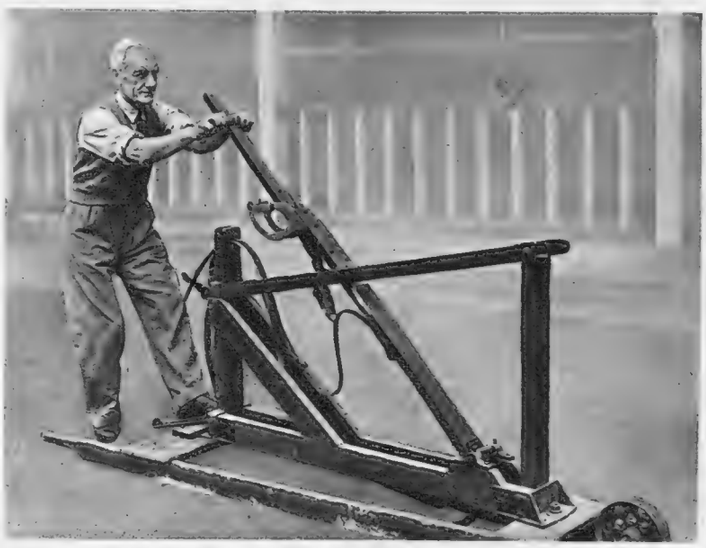
Mr. Gorer's findings are sometimes startling, generally provocative, always brilliantly intelligent. More important still, they are his own. If any prejudice still exists about a book of this type not being as exciting as the best-selling of novels, now is the moment to dispel it, for this book is a winner.

To illustrate what I mean about Mr. Gorer's direct approach I could quote freely and tirelessly, but as the book lies on the table beside me at this moment, it happens to be open at a page on which I read that "the manifestations of the female conscience in public life give rise to the peculiar behaviour which Americans call 'idealism'; this is the proclaiming of moral rules of conduct which other people should follow." Think that one over quietly.

And spare a moment's reflection for this one: "Gambling apart, few people in the world are less involved in the destination of their money than the Americans, provided there is no suggestion of a business transaction, in which one's ego is necessarily implicated; and no people in the world give their money away with greater ease." I find this profound enough and true enough to be read and re-read.

But the crux of the whole study is Mr. Gorer's examination of the status of the woman in American civilisation, and especially the position of the mother, or Mom. Mother knows best, and this is a fact which is openly and universally accepted (witness that strange function known as Mother's Day), and subconsciously and widely resented. Women's influence in America is exploited by advertisers, very successfully, and recognised in every branch of commerce. It has been said that women control over three-quarters of the investment capital in the United States. That alone is enough to give one pause.

I said that I could quote from this book almost endlessly, but since space prevents that indulgence, I will only give you one more line to whet your appetites. "The demand for love," writes Mr. Gorer, "and the hurt distress when love is refused, colour many American responses to international situations."



EVERYTHING BAR THE GOOGLY: This bowling machine, invented by Mr. Brooks King, a former Secretary of the Somerset County Cricket Club, can deliver a cricket ball of any desired length, pitch or pace. It has been in use for the past ten years at Newcastle Royal Grammar School, and has helped in the making of more than one county batsman. A special adjustment on the shafting determines the nature of the break

Hundreds of lyrical books and thousands of practical books have been written about buying a country house and settling down into it. There have also been one or two amusing ones. But it remained for that brilliant American humorist, Mr. S. J. Perelman, whom, like Dr. Strabismus, God preserve, to write one that was hilariously, wildly funny, and to call it ACRES AND PAINS (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).

Mr. Perelman was, by his own account, trapped into buying a little place about the size of Nepal, in a country district an hour or two from New York. This house, which was known as Rising Gorge, gave him all the headaches he could deal with in the years before he decided that the city was the place for him. "Next to drinking brandy before breakfast," as he puts it in his terse way, "the most fatal mistake a man can commit is to isolate himself in the country." But before he had realised this, he had re-modelled the old house, installed a pipeless furnace inlaid, as he says, with emeralds and jade, which fed the warmth directly into an upstairs cupboard leaving the house freezing, bought some cows which provided milk at an average cost of forty dollars a glass, dug out and subsequently dynamited a swimming-pool, and acquired a dog for only ninety dollars, or "less than the average man spends a month on Gutenberg Bibles."

Every hardship known to the city dweller-turned-country-dweller was his, and most of them were suffered under the derisive eyes of the local yokels and cynical estate agents.

THE BENNETT PLACE (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.) is the second novel of a young American writer who has, in my opinion, a real gift of sensitive observation, and a balanced, uncluttered style that should take him far. His writing, too, is more mature than you would expect from a young man; it is neither hurried nor over-subjective, nor too closely focused; all frequent faults even with novelists of talent, when they are at the beginning of their careers. Mr. Michael de Capite is a long way from being a great writer; I wouldn't even say that he was an important writer yet, but at least there is an operative "yet" in that sentence.

His new novel is less a story of a place than of a woman, and the repercussions in the small American university town when she commits suicide. She has been rich and in many quiet ways influential, and her death affects people in unrelated circumstances, throughout the district. What Mr. de Capite has achieved is a composite portrait of her, built up from the impressions of these widely different people, all of whose lives have been touched in some way by hers.

THE RISING OF THE LARK (Selwyn and Blount. 10s. 6d.) is classified by its publishers as a stirring tale, and who are we to disagree with that, especially since they are proved right? Mr. Showell Styles' romance of Jacobite times has great pace and momentum, more in the tradition of Farnol than Weyman, I thought, and genuinely effective. It might occur to a reader that the colour was laid on with too unsparing a hand, but that is not a serious fault, since it might well be argued that drabness is fatal to a book of this type.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES (Herbert Joseph. 7s. 6d.) is a little production, light-hearted to the point of facetiousness, which offers a succession of mock-practical hints to the woman who has no comfortable unearned income. Mr. G. W. L. Day, ably assisted by Vicky's illustrations, outlines such possibilities as "neo-Georgian domestic help, or gentlewoman's lady," commerce, on slightly startling lines, the political racket, writing, and even marriage.

THE STRAIN OF HARMONY, by Bernard Martin (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), is a readable and pleasant volume which purports to be a series of sketches of great people in China from the earliest times to the present day. In reality it is a history of China shown through the lives of these particular people.

The most recent contribution to ornithological literature is a charming little book by Miss Ida Brandon and I hope I will not be misunderstood if I say I would recommend it with equal enthusiasm to children, provided they are old enough to read to themselves as to adults. WHERE THE BIRDS LED (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.) is illustrated by the author's own photographs, each of which represents hours of stoical watching and waiting.

The Poet Laureate has written A PLAY OF ST. GEORGE (Heinemann. 6s.) to commemorate the 600th anniversary of the foundation of the Order of the Garter. In simple, direct and yet musical words, Mr. John Masefield writes a drama of St. George facing his dragon, which was not the fire-breathing creature of fable, but the embodiment of human persecution.

DIM LIGHTS AND SOFT MUSIC

The Virtuosity of Friedrich Anton Mesmer

To have lived in Paris in 1778, the year that Jean-Jacques Rousseau died and which heralded the rise of Robespierre, was exciting enough, but to add to the ferment in the capital, the Austrian doctor Friedrich Anton Mesmer arrived upon the scene with a "new force" to cure the ills of men, and, incidentally, to excite the indignation of the medical faculty, which speedily stigmatised him as an impostor and a charlatan. Mesmer's consulting apartments were dimly lighted and hung with mirrors; strains of soft music occasionally broke the profound silence; and the patients sat round a kind of vat in which some strange witch's brew was concocted. It was all very mysterious, and as his clientele sat in expectancy, Mesmer, clothed as a magician, moved among them, with here a word and there a touch, sometimes accompanied by a deep, penetrating look. No wonder nervous women of fashion fainted on the spot and strong men became hysterical. Despite all the mummery and sensationalism, Dr. Mesmer really believed in his theories of animal magnetism, and his historic memoir on MESMERISM (Macdonald. 6s.), now printed with an introductory monograph by Gilbert Frankau, makes fascinating reading. This is, indeed, the first time the memoir has been translated in full into English. Mesmer himself died in disrepute, widely denounced as a shallow empiric, but Mr. Frankau, never averse from launching out into new fields, claims that the hypnotic doctor has the right to be regarded as the father of modern psychotherapy.

The things that Mesmer achieved are still less than half-understood, but it is certain that he played no small part in the conquest of pain. In THE NEW SCIENCE OF SURGERY (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.), by Frank G. Slaughter (and what author of a surgical book could bear a more unfortunate name?), we are shown other aspects of that same conquest. Dr. Slaughter, a former chief surgeon at one of the bigger U.S. Army camps, gives a valuable factual record of the surgical approach to shock, pain, and infection, detailing new anæsthetics and new treatments which mean life and health for thousands who would, ten years ago, have had nothing to face but death. His chapter "New Faces" is an account of the magnificent achievements of the plastic surgeon during and since the World Wars. Dr. Slaughter makes it clear, however, that the automobile, "an excellent means whereby more people are able to destroy themselves more or less completely," has provided, in no lesser degree than war, a great mass of material upon which the plastic surgeons and reconstructive specialists may work. Perhaps the most remarkable of all plastic procedures described by Dr. Slaughter is the cineplastic operation which aims to create connections between the muscles remaining in an arm and artificial fingers. To-day our surgeons have the beginnings of an effective answer to this problem—an answer that must arouse our gratitude and our admiration.

For the student of art, but not exactly for holiday reading, are THE PRACTICE OF PAINTING (Faber and Faber. 21s.), by F. Schmid, and WHY ABSTRACT (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.) by Hilaire Hiler, Henry Miller, and William Saroyan. Dr. Schmid's book traces the varying working methods of artists, the development of their schools and traditions. He has made a special study of the palettes of famous masters. *Why Abstract*, as might be expected, is wholly lacking in solid facts, and is a discussion on modern painting which, in an engaging way, leads precisely nowhere.

PLAYING THE PIANO FOR PLEASURE (Falcon Press. 9s. 6d.) has an odd but obvious title. The author, Charles Cooke, is a musician who knows to what heights amateurs may reasonably aspire, and, with this very much in mind, he contrives to give them sound encouragement and expert technical advice. Mr. Cooke offers an original method of memory training adaptable to different composers, and he makes it plain that if there is no royal road to learning, there are, at any rate, some darned good short cuts.

Another valuable work of instruction is Major P. R. Goldingham's THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER (Allen and Unwin. 9s. 6d.). Major Goldingham, whose work at Canford has been so outstanding, has always shown himself adept at teaching the rank-and-file members of the riding school, and this excellent textbook evidences the patient, assured and well-tried method by which he advances the pupil to his goal. Admirable photographs adorn the text.

A third instructional book is TOYS AND MODELS (Batsford. 12s. 6d.), by Cyril Pearce. Here is a "how to make it" treatise, replete with diagrams, and for the parent bent on saving money next Christmas it should repay over and over again the purchase price of five half-crowns.

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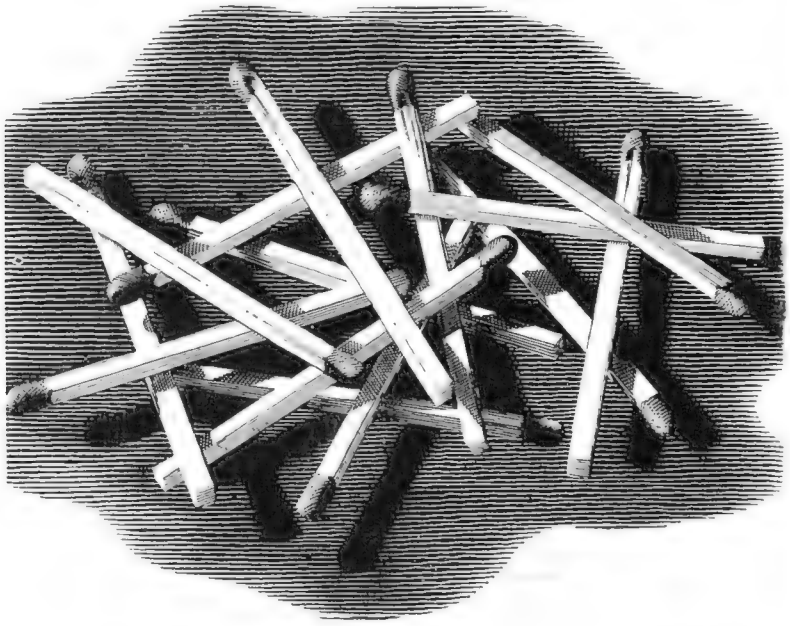

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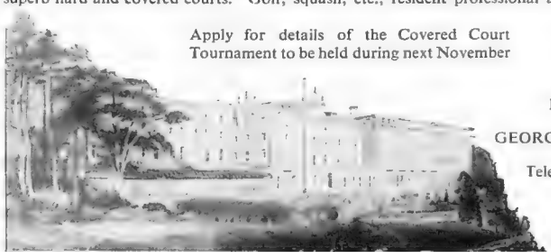

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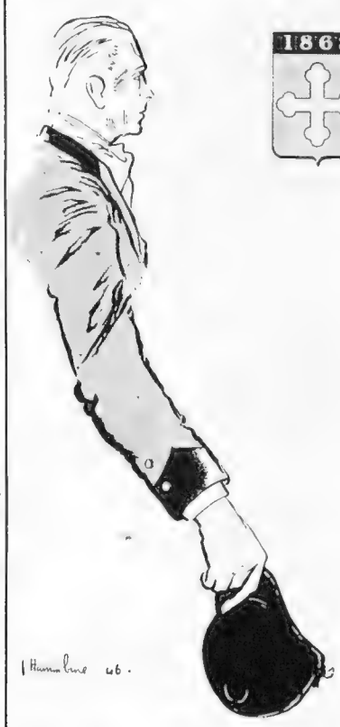

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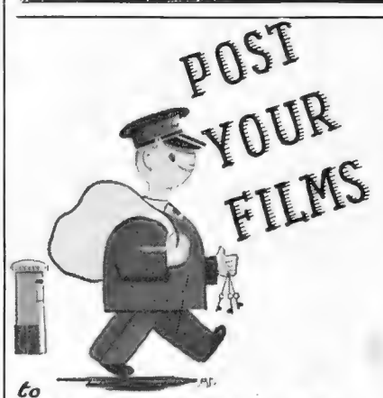

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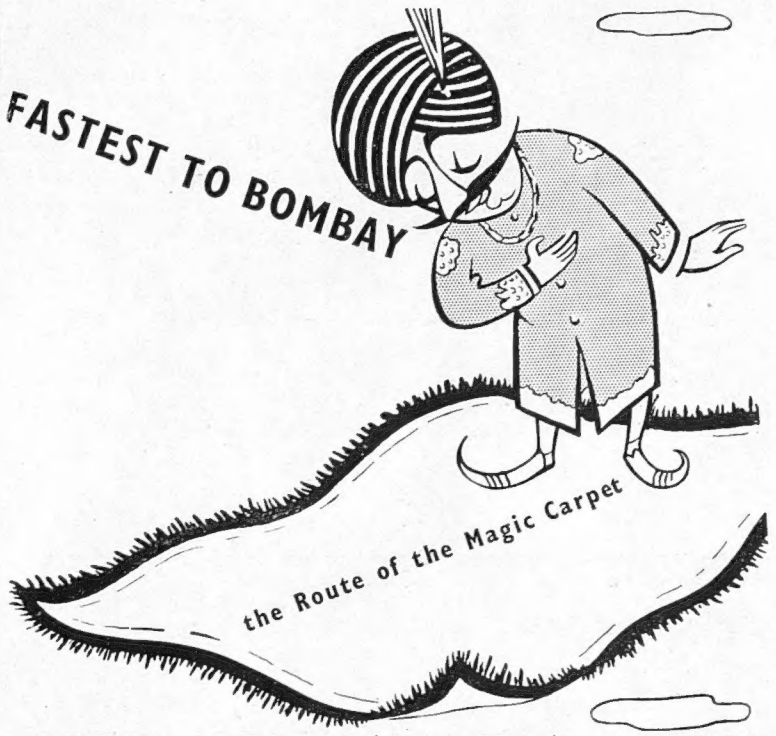

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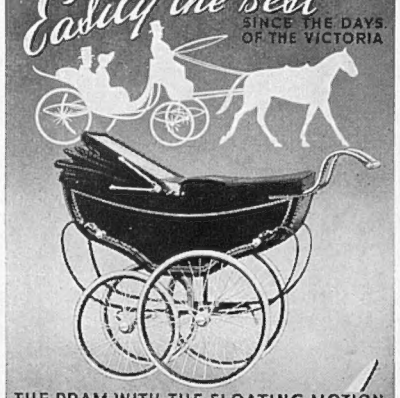

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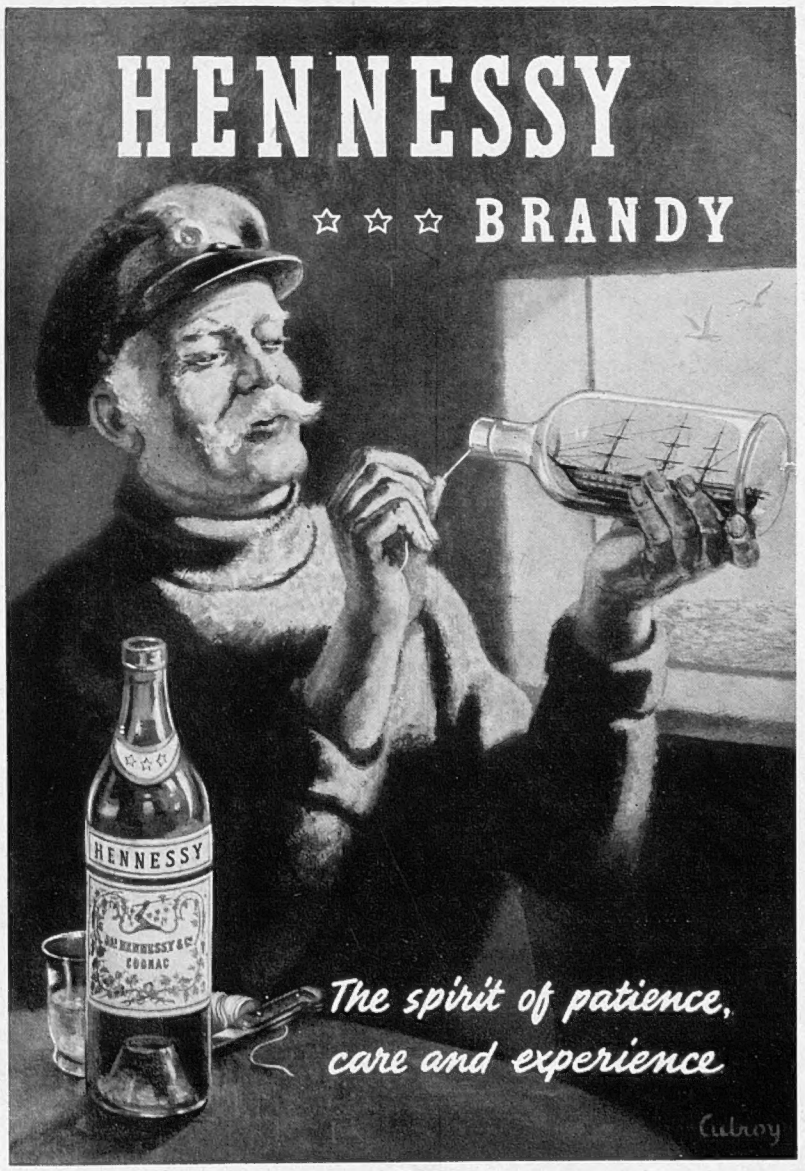

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